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Arousing To County Supervisors Folly
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JUL 17

Germany's Verbal Genuflections

Is Huerta "A Man of Honor?"

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TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: Editor

Have your magazine forwarded while on your summer vacation. A post card to The Graphic, 114 East Fourth, will bring it to you each week end.



WHEREIN "FAIRYLAND" DISAPPOINTS

NOT to be ungracious toward a late distinguished visitor in Los Angeles, but with a view to encouraging composers of American operas to expend their musical talents on American themes, we pause to quote a few words from a speech made by Mr. Brian Hooker, author of the text of "Fairyland," at a recent gathering of local and foreign musicians at the Gamut Club. Said Mr. Hooker, in regard to the able presentation in this city of the prize production: "The greatest point was in the fact of an American opera being brought to a hearing at all." Of course, Mr. Hooker meant by "American," that the music and words were written by Americans. To that extent his remark is apropos. But music is universal. An American opera ought to find its thematic setting in this country and reflect a phase of our national development; of our history, legendary or actual; of our New England settlement, aboriginal life, Spanish occupation, colonial period, French-Canadian and priest-missionary exploitation; pioneer life in the territories, frontier experiences, Civil War epics—the country is rich in possibilities.

With so varied and so picturesque material from which to choose, what shall be said of Mr. Horatio Parker's collaborator who finds his ideal theme for an "American" opera in fairyland? What a paucity of imagination it seems to argue! He harks back to the thirteenth century, to central Europe, to the pixies, elfins, fairies, castles, abbeys, rascally kings and despoiled princes, magic, and all the customary paraphernalia associated with that hackneyed theme. It must be said that Mr. Parker has striven successfully to cover this dreary pile with superb music. We have no quarrel on that score. But think of what higher heights he might have reached had he been inspired by text and situations treating of and pertaining to a phase of the evolutionary settlement of the North American continent. Then we should have had a truly national opera. As it is, in spite of the splendid work by Mr. Parker, it is lavished on mediocre stuff, on a theme that is trite and fit food for juveniles. How could Mr. Hooker, who has written much excellent poetry, evoke really inspirational music by his banal subject? Here is a sample of his weak tea:

Good Saint Aloys, one winter's night,
Walking in ghostly meditation,
Came upon a lady, brave and bright:
Strove to achieve her soul's salvation.

O wirra wirra! And in this sort of common-

place the text of the opera abounds! Even the interpolated directions cause twinges of regret when we find the guards bringing a "couple" of newcomers to Rosamund, and in other manifestations of stylist contumely. It is when we contemplate the possibilities that have been neglected and think how few opportunities there are to give adequate presentation to an "American" opera, a great wave of disappointment envelopes "Fairyland" which might so easily have been what it purports to be—an American opera. What a profound pity that Mr. Parker's musical genius was so cumbered!

IS HUERTA A "MAN OF HONOR?"

COMMENTING on the arrest of General Huerta for alleged political plotting with intent to foment further troubles in Mexico, our esteemed contemporary, the San Francisco Argonaut, takes the position that it is a sore affront to "a man of rank and dignity in the world" who is "a soldier of distinction" and who "has a right to be treated as a gentleman and a man of honor." There are those who are unable to view the deposed dictator in such light. What constitutes "a gentleman and a man of honor?" Is he a gentleman who shamefully betrays his legally elected ruler and is he a man of honor who conspires with another traitor to accomplish his chief's downfall, who has entrusted him with the command of the standing army? We fail to see wherein Huerta has achieved the "right" to be regarded as a gentleman and least of all as a man of honor. Men of honor do not betray a sacred trust for the purpose of climbing to power and our notion of a gentleman does not harmonize with the conduct attributable to Huerta. Rather is he to be regarded as a Mexican Judas.

Our usually well-poised contemporary is inclined to be indignant at the United States government for declining to accept Huerta's "word of honor" that he is in El Paso on private business only and is in no degree interested in the conspiracy charged. Because he is confined "like a common felon in a dirty prison" the Argonaut confesses to a sense of "deep shame." Why? At least, General Huerta is safe. There is no fear that he will be lured from his prison pallet at midnight and under pretense of an escort to safer quarters meet with assassination. Were that to be brought about his custodians, naturally, would be held responsible and the odium of the crime would attach to his official captors. Who would regard that as an honorable act? Least of all, we fancy, the esteemed Argonaut. Yet that is precisely the crime chargeable to Huerta when he permitted, if he did not order, the political prisoners, Madero and Suarez, constitutional president and vice-president of the republic of Mexico, to be taken from a place of temporary safety and brutally and foully murdered. Was that the act of a gentleman and a man of honor? He, the trusted general of the army, sworn to carry out the instructions of his constitutional president!

Surely, the United States government is amply justified in its treatment of Madero's traitorous general. By his past conduct he has shown himself unfit to be trusted and his presence at the border city is highly suspicious in itself. He may not be a "common felon" but history will record him as an uncommon scamp, who sought to rule Mexico after brutally disposing of the lawfully-elected president. Apparently, his brief term of office was not unprofitable. He seems to have acquired a fairly good banking credit outside of

Mexico, as his recent realty purchases in New York indicate. Certainly, his salary as general of the army could not have been large enough to enable him to roll up a fortune in such short order. We would like to join our northern contemporary in blushing for the act of the United States government in discouraging Huerta's political ambitions, were it possible, but that conspiracy of the untrustworthy general with Felix Diaz will not down and the picture of two helpless, unarmed officials shot in the back by the connivance if not the positive orders of the man who should have stood like a rock between them and all murderous projects, rises like one's gorge to forbid.

GERMANY'S VERBAL GENUFLECTIONS

JUSTIFICATION for the sinking of the Lusitania marks the tenor of the long-deferred German reply to the President's note of June 10 protesting against the impairment of all neutral interests by the German submarine war. After reciting the treaty of friendship between this country and Germany, negotiated by Frederick the Great with John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson in 1783—without allusion to the prior activities of the Hessians in contravention of American liberties—the reply of Von Jagow lauds the principles that have governed Germany throughout the war and arraigns England for her work in paralyzing peaceable traffic between neutral countries and Germany, virtually driving the latter to a submarine war on trade. Says the note: "In the fight for existence which has been forced upon Germany by its adversaries and announced by them it is the sacred duty of the imperial government to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects."

Of course, if Americans were convinced that the "fight for existence" had been "forced" upon Germany they would accept with avidity the statement as to the "sacred duty of the imperial government." But, alas, the documentary evidence is to the contrary. It was Germany that egged on Austria-Hungary to the war and for which she has been preparing for years. Here is another bit of sophistry:

"If the commander of the German submarine which destroyed the Lusitania had caused the crew and passengers to take to the boats before firing a torpedo this would have meant the sure destruction of his own vessel."

What a curious reasoning! In order to save the submarine and the lives of the crew it was necessary to fire the torpedo without warning! Evidently, it did not occur to the German admiralty that the vessel and crew might have escaped all danger by letting the Lusitania continue on her course. Anyway, argues the note, we had every right to believe that a mighty ship like the Lusitania would remain above water long enough, even after the torpedoing, to permit passengers to enter the ship's boats. What defeated these expectations? Ah! The fact that on board were large quantities of highly explosive materials. If these had been absent the passengers on the unarmed ship, doubtless, would have had plenty of time to take to the ship's boats in an orderly, picknicking manner. Whose fault was it that they could not do so? Certainly not that of Germany is the logic of Von Jagow's argument.

To the President's specific demand for an assurance that American citizens may travel whithersoever they please on merchant vessels without the menace of submarine warfare the

note is unresponsive. But a substitute is offered. The imperial government is good enough to suggest that if neutral steamers, flying the American flag, are inadequate in numbers to accommodate the traveling public there would be no objections to placing the stars and stripes on, say, four enemy passenger steamers for passenger traffic between North America and England. To such, assurances of "free and safe" passage would extend, always providing that the American government will guarantee that the vessels have no contraband on board. Otherwise, of course, the merchant vessel, regardless of her human freight will be subject to torpedoing without notice. It is a characteristic German reply. That it contravenes international law which specifies the manner in which a vessel carrying contraband shall be treated, is of no moment to the German government. Circumstances alter cases. To conform to international law would be to jeopardize the vessel and crew of the aggressor; hence the aggressor interposes a new law—of its own construction—and inferentially says, although with many verbal genuflections, "What are you going to do about it?" Meanwhile, President Wilson is doing a heap of thinking.

AROUSING TO COUNTY BOARD'S FOLLY

EVEN as we welcomed the belated protest by our leading morning papers against the sp-b-x monstrosities that encumber our sidewalks in the congested business streets—receptacles for tubercular palms—so we hail their similarly delayed railing against the attempt of the board of supervisors to saddle an expense of thousands of dollars on the county taxpayers for the lease of the Monolith cement plant. From the outset we deplored the inartistic cumbering of the business district, but it was many weeks before our esteemed contemporaries came to a concrete realization of the truth. In like manner we have shown the folly of the supervisors in seeking to take over a plant that has not been a success, and which the city council has striven manfully to unload on the supervisoral Easy Marks for months. Perhaps, the county board, in its infinite wisdom, believes it can rush in where the city angels have feared to tread.

What has been most astonishing is the apathy of the county papers toward the plan to saddle upon the county taxpayers an unwarranted and expensive experiment. Save in one or two instances the exposure of the board's gullibility has aroused no properly resentful attitude on behalf of a victimized constituency. Not a peep from Pomona, not a murmur from Monrovia, not an alarm in Alhambra. Long Beach has exclaimed against the proposed rape of the treasury. Pasadena has likewise fulminated and South Pasadena has protested, while a feeble outcry has been heard in Santa Monica, but the rank and file papers that should have been as a unit against the unbusinesslike venture have been sadly derelict in their duty. In a year or so, after they have heard wail after wail from indignant subscribers as the folly is brought home to the taxpayers, they will begin to fill space with the reflected vituperations heard in the editorial room. By that time, doubtless, the city council will have tied up the supervisoral board in a bowknot that the smartest of lawyers will be unable to loosen.

How not to do it! That seems to be the working motto of the present supervisoral board. It was displayed in the foolish expenditure for sections of hog wire on the county highways against which anemic roses are now dozing. It was shown in the purchase of the sp-t b-xes and their unhappy contents, foisted upon the city sidewalks on the unfortunate recommendation of the 1915 General Committee; it is revealed in the inartistic band stand now obtruding its ugliness out at Exposition Park. Ugh! What a procession of blunders! But the worst, the greatest of all, be-

cause the most expensive, is the plan to use the county funds to bolster up a poor investment made by the city that cost three times in excess of the first estimate and has lost money whenever operated. Cement that the county can and does buy for \$1.35 a barrel has cost to produce at Monolith \$2.10 a barrel. No wonder the city wants to unload its white elephant. As a user of cement it quadruples the county yet seeks to pass this producing good thing along to the supervisors. They, kind souls, would help the city out of a hole. In order to keep the plant running longer than two weeks in the year, which at capacity production would give the county all the cement it averages for a twelvemonth, the plan is to sell the surplus to outsiders in competition with the private plants. The difference in cost, only seventy-five cents a barrel, the taxpayers of the county must contribute. Fine scheme! Grand financing that!

SERBIA'S REVEALING BLUE BOOK

NOTABLE among the official documents bearing on the great war is the Serbian Blue Book, which the American Association for International Conciliation has issued in pamphlet form. One is impressed by the note sent by the Serbian minister at Petrograd to the Russian minister of foreign affairs, following the receipt of an urgent telegram from the Serbian prime minister, advising him that Austria-Hungary had declared war on Serbia. Writes Dr. Spalaikovitch: "In bringing to your knowledge the act that a great power has had the painful courage to commit against a little Slavic country scarcely out of a lengthy series of struggles as heroic as exhausting, I take the liberty, in a moment so grave for my country, to express the hope that this act, which breaks the peace of Europe and revolts its conscience, will be disapproved throughout the civilized world and severely punished by Russia, the protector of Serbia."

It is clear from a study of the many telegrams and notes interchanged between Prime Minister Pashitch of Serbia and the royal legations accountable to him as minister of foreign affairs that from the outset the assassinations of the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria-Hungary were strongly condemned by official Serbia, and that honest effort was making to punish the perpetrators of the crime when Austria-Hungary intervened with her extraordinary demands that were in the nature of an ultimatum. That the newspapers of Berlin and Vienna deliberately misled their readers by making it appear that the crime of Serajevo was the result of a plot prepared in Serbia is revealed. Always, the reference was to the plot of Serbian revolutionaries, with the intent to render hostile public opinion in the dual monarchies and in Germany and ruin Serbia's moral credit in Europe by charging that the mad enterprise of a young fanatical enthusiast was of great political significance. That the assassins were Bosnians, subjects of Austria-Hungary, was suppressed in all mention of the odious acts. It was alleged that the people of Serbia were in sympathy with the crime, not exempting the king and all those high in the government. Yet, we find Baron Macchio, first secretary of the ministry of foreign affairs, admitting to the Serbian minister that the dual government accused neither the Serbian government nor the Serbian people, but only certain agitators. When the baron was entreated to use his influence to let this so appear in the public press of Austria-Hungary no favorable results followed. The deduction is obvious.

Who was secretly fostering this movement to inflame the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary against the Serbians? M. Pashitch, Serbia's prime minister, in his note to all the royal legations, dated July 14, 1914, does not hesitate to say that the "Imperial and Royal Correspondence Bureau (press bureau of the Vienna

foreign ministry) is alarming European opinion for a special aim" to injure Serbia. False stories were printed of the maltreatment of Austria-Hungary subjects at Belgrade, of disgraceful demonstrations by Serbian students toward the minister from Vienna at the funeral of the Russian minister, M. Hartwig, and in other ways discord was fomented to induce a state of mind that should culminate in war. The English press was woefully deceived at first, taking its tone from the Vienna papers, a course sedulously aided by the Austrian embassy in London.

Italy was not so fooled and we find the Serbian minister at Rome informing his prime minister (July 17), that the ambassador of Austria-Hungary had been notified by the Italian minister of foreign affairs that any step taken against Serbia without showing it the consideration due by one nation to another would be disapproved by public opinion in Italy, and that the Italian government held that the entire independence of Serbia must be maintained. Step by step the events are followed leading up to the declaration of war and the deduction forced upon the student is inevitable that the Austria-Hungary government was determined on this drastic act irrespective of the good faith and earnestness of Serbia in seeking to punish the assassins of the crown prince and princess. Public opinion in the dual monarchies, it is plain, was carefully brought to the pitch by spreading of false reports calculated to exasperate the people against the Serbians. It is an interesting exposition of the way wars are incited.

MENACE IN THE NON-PARTISAN LAW

ALWAYS, the stumbling block in the proposed non-partisan law, which the people will vote on next November, has been the difficulties of the direct primary which while, avowedly, a free-for-all race, really is anything but that. Theoretically, the direct primary gives everybody his chance; practically, it does nothing of the kind. In like manner, it is feared, the tentative non-partisan law, if approved, will discourage instead of fostering freedom of expression at the polls, resulting in the selection of the candidate with the longest purse or the greatest hold on the cohesive vote, meaning by that the various laborities, fraternal societies and similar organizations. Instead of allowing the people, unrestrained by party loyalty, to elect to public office men and women best qualified solely from the viewpoint of efficiency, having no party entanglements or obligations, its tendency will be retroactive, delivering the state government into the hands of the powerful corporations from which the Progressives claim to have rescued it.

Enough has been seen of the direct primary to realize that with no party organization sustaining him, unless he have great wealth and influence, or is backed and financed by large interests—at the price of his political honor—the candidate has a most difficult task to gain publicity to secure his election. To make an effective state-wide campaign is a costly undertaking, whose conditions no poor man can face, however desirable material he may be. Unless party organization is behind his aspirations, rendering him support, he dare not, nay, he cannot, make the venture and the state is tentatively that much the poorer for his enforced elimination. Even if he is both desirable and rich the outcome is so problematical that the wealthy candidate of fine attainments is loth to risk a campaign that has in it so great an element of uncertainty at so excessive a cost.

What is the ultimate and logical result? Clearly, that strong and wealthy corporations which might have a lively interest in the personnel of state commissions, that readily occur to mind, would be emboldened to put forward candidates of their own, upon whose future good will they knew they could rely in case their financial in-

vestments provided the opportunity. Few men enter public life absolutely untrammeled. Better that one should be elected through party support and by that party held responsible for his actions, as the public in turn will hold his party responsible, than that selfish interests, to which he is none the less obligated, shall prove the deciding factor in electing a candidate. This is chief among many arguments now being made in opposition to the proposed non-partisan law, and we are bound to say it is a weighty one. There are other serious objections to the law, but the gravest danger that its ratification will entail is in the direction noted.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

HALF the lifetime of the Exposition was passed last Monday with a total attendance in excess of 8,000,000. According to the estimate of E. C. Conroy, chief of the department of admissions, the attendance for the second half of the Exposition period will be greater by nearly 5,000,000, but if the grand total hits the 20,000,000 mark, as it almost surely will, the directors will be well satisfied. The average daily attendance so far has been 56,400.

* * *

Variety, "the spice of life," is sufficiently in evidence at the Exposition this week. Monday was "International Milk Dealers' Association Day," "Wine Day" in honor of the International Viticultural Congress and "New Haven Day," hundreds of Yale men celebrating their reunion this week, while the Greek pavilion is to be formally dedicated in the afternoon. The intermountain life insurance agents and the National Lumber Exporters share the honors of Thursday which is also notable for the pageant of "The Landing of Father Junipero Serra"—this time at the lagoon of the Fine Arts Palace, Father Mestres, the venerable padre of the San Carlos mission in the title role. This variegated week will end with the elaborate ceremonies prepared for the reception of the long looked for Liberty Bell.

* * *

One is perpetually impressed by the cosmopolitan nature of this year's gathering here. For instance, last week at the National Congress of Recreation, Ow Yang, Chinese commissioner to the Exposition, spoke of the progress of the playground movement in his native land, and Manuel Roldan, Portuguese commissioner, described various phases of child welfare work in Portugal.

* * *

Dr. John McNeill, the Scotch evangelist, is attracting great congregations by his vigorous exhortations. More than 8,000 people listened to his two sermons Sunday. Dr. McNeill is not quite so sensational in his diction as Billy Sunday, but there is no danger of any auditor going to sleep under his pulpiteering. "You can't dampen the ardor of an earnest Christian," he says, "he will dry the blanket." And the evangelist is not unmindful of the importance of the collection box. He tells his hearers that while "Salvation is free, it is not dirt cheap," and asks them, "Did you ever hear anybody encoring a church collection?"

* * *

Wonderful amateur baseball was witnessed at the Family Club's farm Sunday when the annual contest between the Family and the veterans of the Olympic Club was scheduled. After five innings the game was called on account of the exhaustion of the players from laughter, the score a tie. It was reported that the only man who could hit the ball was "Smiling" McGinnis, a ringer on the Family team from Southern California. The famous "Bill" Lange was at first base for the home team.

* * *

Dr. Graham Biddle, who is lecturing at the University of California summer school is insisting on the importance of the activities of the ductless glands. In an unfortunately phenomenal girl who was able to read and write before she was three years old and who now, at the age of seven is ready for the high school, he finds his theory manifested. A few years ago, if a child was inattentive at school, the teacher was likely to tell him to have his adenoids extracted.

* * *

Musicians returning from attending the biennial conference of the Federated Music Societies of America were so delighted with their reception in Los Angeles that they met together at luncheon to record their experiences. William J. McCoy paid a tribute to the "constructive enthusiasm" of Los Angeles which had captured the convention and also the important production

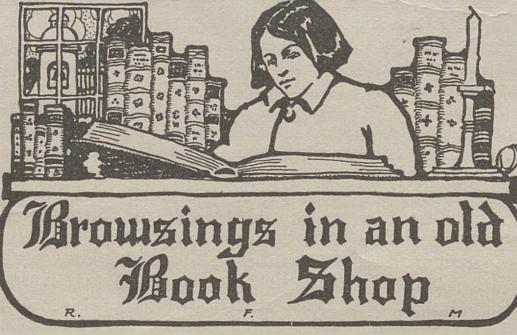
of Horatio Parker's opera. He also spoke with warm approval of the progress of musical education in the public schools of Los Angeles, intimating that the schools of San Francisco were far behind in this regard.

* * *

Mr. Bryan was singularly unfortunate in his public engagements here after his big speech at the Exposition's Independence Day celebration. He had wisely cancelled his engagement to address the American Independence Union. The officers of that grandiloquently named organization found themselves with an expensive auditorium hired for Bryan's speech on their hands. They retaliated by distributing copies of "The Fatherland," from the front cover of which Mr. Bryan's picture had been stripped. Then the late secretary of state collided with the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage and seemed to be wounded when he discovered that its members were not all Democrats. "Never again," he declared, "would I speak for your organization; I would never move one inch to speak for a body of women who opposed the Democratic party." His last public appearance here was before the Women's International Peace Conference, but Festival Hall was only half full. He predicted that the lessons of the European war "will bring out tens of thousands of men throughout this nation to vote for woman's suffrage this fall."

San Francisco, July 14.

R. H. C.



Browsings in an old Book Shop

In accompanying Donald G. Mitchell (Il Marvel) to the island of Jersey, in his "Fresh Gleanings," which formed the subject of my browsings a week ago, I referred to the castle of St. Helier's, which the young author visited and where, he told us, part of Clarendon's celebrated "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England" was written. I found at the Old Book Shop this week a 1707 edition of this admirable history by Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, whose work was originally issued by Oxford University in 1703, in three folios, and dated, in instances, 1704. Mine is the third edition. A vignette of the author embellishes each volume as a frontispiece, showing him as he appeared in 1667, what time he was lord high chancellor of England and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Charles II had conferred the first-named dignity on his follower when the latter attended him abroad through the rebellion. Two years he was on the island of Jersey (1647-49) working on his history, which he had begun in Scilly, May 18, 1640. In August 1660, his daughter Anne was secretly married to James, Duke of York, brother of Charles II. One daughter by this union, Mary, ruled with William in 1689 and another daughter, Anne, was to become queen of England in 1702, reigning twelve years. Poor Clarendon, their grandsire, meanwhile, had fallen a victim to court intrigue, was dismissed by Charles and ordered out of the kingdom, dying in exile in 1674 in his sixty-sixth year. In 1673 he petitioned Charles to be allowed to return "to die in his own country and among his own children," but the ungrateful monarch refused the request of his old servant and accomplished statesman.

Clarendon's history, which is regarded as a classic, was begun by the express command of King Charles I, who "having a desire that an account of the calamities God was pleased to inflict on the unhappy part of his reign should be reported to posterity by some worthy, honest and knowing man thought he could not appoint any one more adorned with such qualities than this author." His granddaughter, Anne, was on the throne when Oxford was awarded the sole right to publish the history for the term of fourteen years and the editing of the manuscripts was entrusted to Bishop Smalridge, Dean Aldrich and Bishop Atterbury, the last of whom successfully defended himself and his colleagues (1731) from the charge made by Oldmixon that they had falsified the text. Of Clarendon's downfall the scholarly editors in their preface attribute the initial cause to the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of York, which was the origin of the

many libelous stories floated concerning Clarendon that finally poisoned the king's mind against his favorite. It is said: "When the Duke of York had made this marriage, it was not unnatural to those ill-minded men to suggest that, for the time to come, that minister would be contriving advantages for the good of his own posterity, to the prejudice of his sovereign and master." It was even hinted that Clarendon had arranged to marry Charles to Catherine of Braganza, knowing she would prove unfruitful so that his own daughter might one day come to the throne. Another strong faction working against Clarendon, however, comprised Charles II's mistresses who justly feared the sturdy statesman's wrath, knowing he highly disapproved the scandal of their lives and the conduct of his royal master. The two interests, joining forces, succeeded in sacrificing the lord chancellor on the altar of their malice and as they held Charles in bondage to the end his old minister, as noted, was not even permitted to return home to die. However, Clarendon's ending was far more peaceful than that of his unjust sovereign.

Clarendon began his history with Charles I's reign, explaining that he might go beyond that were he as "sharp-sighted as those who have discerned this rebellion contriving from (if not before) the death of Queen Elizabeth." Bar his tendency to long periods, the Clarendon history is a most readable work, the author's skill in portraiture particularly emphasizing its value. Than his description of that fascinating character in English history, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—called "Stenny" by James I—there is nothing more entertaining in historical literature. Not only does Clarendon describe the events in which he personally participated, but he sketches with masterly hand the noted persons of his time, leaving to posterity pen portraits that are accurate as to detail and highly diverting as to motives.

One of his ablest character portraiture is of Viscount Falkland, who was educated in Ireland, where his father was lord deputy. Before the young man was twenty he was master of a noble fortune, left by a grandfather. But before going to London he resolved to learn the Greek tongue, for that purpose retiring to his country house where he studied so assiduously that in an incredibly short time he mastered the language so completely that he could read with accuracy all the Greek historians. As his place was within ten miles of Oxford he contracted the friendship and intimacy of many notable scholars who greatly admired his wit, judgment and solid learning. His deportment so pleased the king that he was sent for to serve as secretary to Charles, his linguistic attainments greatly aiding in filling the post to perfection. Siding with the Royalists this admirable student-statesman was killed at the first battle of Newbury in 1643. A musket shot laid him low. Says Clarendon: "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence; and whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him."

That is true, but think of the loss to England in the death of so brilliant a subject, slain as ruthlessly as if he had been a country yokel! It is reminiscent of the men of intellect who are being sacrificed today at the front in the butchery now in progress. Lord Macaulay was a great admirer of Clarendon. He says of him: "He was well fitted for his great place. No man wrote abler state papers. No man spoke with more weight and dignity in council and parliament. No man was better acquainted with general maxims of statecraft. No man observed the varieties of character with a more discriminating eye." It is the latter observation that appeals to me, after reading several of the volumes that are part of my prize. The portraits of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland are typical of his acuteness of insight. Yet this was the statesman relieved of the great seal by Charles II at the instigation of his mistresses and a court cabal. Driven out of England he found solace in indulging his passion for literature by revising his history of the rebellion. This masterpiece has been called "one of the greatest ornaments of the historical literature of England." I shall hope to run across his autobiography before long. Part of it is incorporated in the history, but it has been published separately. How curious that two of his granddaughters should have ascended the throne of England. He who was plain Mr. Hyde of the Inner Temple before he went to parliament and after the civil war broke out took the royal side.

S. T. C.

Spirit of Japanese Poetry

---By Eunice Tietjens

"I COME always to the conclusion that the English poets waste too much energy in 'words, words, words,' and make, doubtless with all good intentions, their inner meaning frustrate, or at least less distinguished, simply for the reason that its full liberty to appear naked is denied." With this arraignment of English poetry Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, one time friend and pupil of Joaquin Miller, begins his little book on "The Spirit of Japanese Poetry."

It is an arraignment with which we are all familiar from the ranks of our own poets, a cry that springs up anew with each generation, the revolt that Yeats and his friends voiced so passionately in their youth, and that the Imagists are crying even more shrilly today. Yet Mr. Noguchi's statement has in it, as he develops it, something that is fundamentally and racially different from any western cry. For his Japanese conclusion is that "written poems, even when they are said to be good, are only the second best, as the very best poems are left unwritten or sung in silence."

It is this conception of speech as only the frayed edge of silence, this ever-present consciousness of the vast silence from which all human life comes and to which it returns, this conception of it as not merely the absence of sound, but as a living power in itself, a power by which alone the soul grows and expands—this it is which, paradoxical as it may seem, is the essence of Japanese poetry. The classical *Hokku*, or seventeen syllable poem, and the longer *Uta*, which has thirty one syllables, are at their best when they serve only to enhance the silence, as the song of a bird at twilight lends a new richness to the stillness which follows it. And like the bird song each poem is "swift, discontinuous, an isolated piece." After reading it the spiritual silence must descend again.

To western readers the attitude of the spirit necessary to the true appreciation of Japanese poetry is difficult of attainment. We expect the poet to take us in whatever mood he finds us, and to swing us by the sustained intensity of his own feelings into his own spiritual altitudes. But the Japanese poet does nothing of the sort. He presupposes that we are already on the heights, and he then reveals to us in a single lightning flash the immensity of space and eternity. He usually does this, much as the lightning does, by describing, with vivid suggestiveness, a minute detail of nature in the immediate foreground. If the reader has in his own soul no depth of background, or if he is not trained to be conscious of it, he will perceive only the minute detail. This is the reason why so often the little *Hokku* poems appear so trivial to western minds.

Yet an intelligent appreciation of, and interest in, Japanese poetry will soon be necessary to every real lover of contemporary English and American poetry. For there is a strange magic in the little poems, a magic which is produced not so much by the music of the words themselves, as is the way of our English magic, but by the vivid economy and lyricism of the thought. And this influence is slowly but surely making itself felt in all our better poetry today. It has not gone so fast, nor as yet so far, as the influence of Japanese art has gone, through the medium of the print,—for painting is a universal language which needs no interpreter, and poetry loses, alas, frequently the better part of its charm in the translation. Nevertheless, this influence is growing every day more powerful.

We have already a whole school, the Imagists, whose art is plainly, and in many cases openly, founded on the Oriental ideals; and in many another poet, who is perhaps himself unconscious of the source of his inspiration, this new force is at work. It is not too much to predict that in another fifty years English poetry will bear as visibly the stamp of Japanese influence as the modern Japanese poetry today shows the effects of our western ideals.

The Japanese lyrics which Lafcadio Hearn translated, and which are found scattered through his works have recently been collected and reissued by Houghton Mifflin in their delightful New Poetry Series. We reprint the following: Things never changed since the Time of the Gods: The flowing of water, the Way of Love.

When I saw the fallen flower return to the branch—
Io!
it was only a butterfly!

—Ah the wanton (lighting her lantern)!—
so a fox-fire is kindled in the time of fox-transformation!

Perhaps she is really nothing more than
an old horse-bone from somewhere or other . . .

As Tanabata slumbers with her long sleeves' rolled up,
until the reddening of the dawn, do not, O storks
of the river-shallows, awaken her by your cries.

Thinking tomorrow remains, thou heart's frail
flower-of-cherry?
How knowest whether this night the tempest will
not come?

Decentralizing American Poetry

In the old days when Boston was the poetic hub of the United States, and in the later days when New York superceded it, there was a valid reason why this must be so. In a new, unbroken country, leisure, and its inevitable result in a healthy race, culture, could only be found in the older cities, where the stream of commerce had already settled into a definite bed, leaving little eddies and backwaters of peace where the poet might dream undisturbed. For in the minds of the old school of New England poets, poetry, which was one of the most primitive of the arts, had in some sad way become identified with a high and specialized degree of classical culture.

But, fortunately, time is bringing a readjustment in this as in other phases of our civilization. It is being more and more clearly recognized today that poetry is less a matter of culture than of intensive spiritual realization of life as the poet finds it. It is not only no longer necessary, it is even distinctly old-fashioned and "derivative" for the poet of today to strew his works with obscure classical illusions and scholarly precisions. What is valuable in his work is not his ability to interpret ancient Greece, but his ability to interpret America of today, that one day to posterity this too may seem a "golden age." If the Greeks had spent their energy in praising the early Hebrew prophets or the "good old times" of Rameses of Egypt, or if the Elizabethans had dwelt only on the glories of Rome, would their poetry be worth reading today? An age is only poetically valuable when it interprets itself, though it may use the terms of eternity. And too much culture is as often a hindrance as a help. So the fact that the cities of the Atlantic coast are the home of culture need no longer draw the young poet thither. Wherever life is to be found, and found more abundantly, there the poet should make his dwelling.

There will always, of course, be a tendency on the part of poets, as of all other artists, to come together in little groups for mutual stimulation and encouragement and it is natural that these groups should form in cities. But it is not good for the poetic development of a country that such groups should form in one city or one section of the country only. A single city like London or New York which dictates the literary policy of a whole country is sure to become narrow, and, in the limiting sense of the word, provincial. And this narrowness can only be broken up by the establishment of other, and rival, centers.

One of the reasons for the recent revival of interest in poetry, as in the drama, is due to the fact of the establishment of such a center in Chicago. This little group of enthusiasts acts as a constant thorn in the flesh of the autocrats in New York City, and the resultant commotion has stirred up the whole country. Look at the rapidity with which the Drama League, hatched in Chicago, has spread over the states! Just so the revival of poetry is spreading. Doubtless, in time, Chicago, too, will wax spiritually fat and contented, and will need superceding, this time by one of the cities of the west—there are signs that it may be St. Louis—or one of the cities of California—why not Los Angeles, since San Francisco has had her day? But, at present, poetically speaking, Chicago is still the rebel in the camp, the awakening youth with fire in his eyes, fighting for the cause that means so much to him. And to Chicago those who care throughout the rest of the country will do well to lend the hand of encouragement.

The group of poets in Chicago naturally centers around Miss Harriet Monroe, the founder and editor of "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse," herself a poet of no mean distinction. "Poetry" is an enthusiastic, whole-hearted little rebel, whose pages are always open to any really authentic voice, no matter in what form it may be clothed. It publishes much that is wonderful, much that is frankly experimentation with new forms and new ideals, much that is weird, and nothing that is commonplace. It is the accepted organ of the "new poetry" in the country, and it is adored, distrusted and laughed at with equal fervor, as is the fate of all new things. Around it and around Miss Monroe have collected a group of poets and lovers of poetry, who meet regularly once a

month for a "poetry party" where unpublished poems are read and discussed, and which is not by any means always a mutual admiration society. There are also delightful luncheons at a little Italian restaurant whose proprietor is very patient with excited lovers of the muse.

This group includes today, aside from Miss Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, associate editor of the magazine, Edith Wyatt, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Padraig Colum, a young Irish poet recently arrived in this country, John Gould Fletcher, who usually lives in London, Agnes Lee, Frances Shaw, Mary Aldis, Joseph Warren Beach, Sharmel Iris, and others of lesser note. Besides these there are others, like Nicholas Vachel Lindsay of Springfield, Ill., and Arthur Davison Ficke of Davenport, who "blow in" frequently enough to be real members of the group.

Distinct from this group, yet overlapping it in many cases, is the other nucleus which Miss Margaret Anderson of the "Little Review" has gathered about her. They are younger and if anything more enthusiastic than the friends of "Poetry" but as the Little Review is not primarily devoted to verse most of them are prose writers. Yet in the cause of poetry they have done much by their sympathetic understanding and encouragement; and the Little Review has published much excellent verse, by many of the young poets. Another publication there which has helped materially in the cause is the Friday Literary Review of the Chicago Evening Post, which, under the editorship of Llewellyn Jones, devotes much space and, what is far rarer, much intelligence to the subject of poetry.

In a letter this week Miss Monroe says: "People are coming to Chicago as to a 'literary center' nowadays." May they continue to come so long as Chicago remains in its present state of "divine discontent!" After that it will be California's turn!

Of the poets who contributed to that delightful anthology, "Georgian Poetry," published little more than two years ago by the Poetry Bookshop in London, two are already dead, James Elroy Flecker, and now Rupert Brooke. Richard Aldington, writing of Flecker's posthumous work, "The Old Ships," in the *Egoist*, says: "Mr. Flecker was profoundly certain that poetry was an art, a fact which most of his contemporaries and elders had not discovered—they appear to have imagined that it was a kind of mental mushroom which sprang up in a second at a word from Almighty God." This witty stab at the old "inspirational" idea represents pretty generally the attitude of the younger poets today, who lay great stress on technic. We reprint Flecker's title poem, which he calls "The Old Ships:"

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that

same
Fished up beyond Aenea, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

Modern aseptic surgery was believed to have banished gangrene to Cleveland's land of innocuous desuetude, but military efficiency has changed that according to Cobb's reports: "First aid bandages often lay on a man's wounds for nine days while gangrene set in, and he was still at a distance from the base hospital for which the train had started. You could see eighteen hundred wounded coming back in a single hospital train, and indeed catch the odors from the train before it came in sight. Trains laden with wounded lay on sidetracks for days while the road was left open rushing fresh troops to the battle lines."

Gotham Celebrates the Glorious Fourth

- - ---By Randolph Bartlett

IT was the Glorious Fifth, the Fourth having been Sunday, and therefore unsuitable for unrestrained gloriousness. The great Stadium at the College of the City of New York was to be thrown open to the public for the first time. The huge structure, seating seven thousand, was presented to the college by Adolph Lewisohn, and the only notable use that had been made of it previously was the presentation there by Granville Barker, with no great success, of several ancient Greek dramas. For the evening of the Glorious Fifth an elaborate program, admission free, had been arranged—"Colossal Band Concert" (I quote the official printed program), "Eminent Speakers" and a new dance by Maurice and Florence Walton, "Uncle Sam and Columbia," were the leading features. The word "free" caught my fancy since I have found that the best things in New York, excepting only certain excellent restaurants, are to be had without money and yet are priceless—the Metropolitan Museum, the public library, the East Side crowds, the view of the East River in the evening, and so on ad infinitum. With several thousand other persons who had made similar discoveries, I found myself outside the Stadium shortly after seven o'clock. There half of us discovered that we were at a disadvantage, in the fact that several thousand tickets of admission, free, but yet tickets, had been issued, and the holders thereof were to be admitted first, the hoi polloi not being permitted to enter until fifteen minutes before the time set for the opening of the exercises.

So we lined up patiently, five or six abreast, along the wall of the Stadium. Then word was passed along that several hundred tickets had been obtained by the canny proprietor of a candy store a block away, and a rush from the line was made to ascertain upon what terms they were to be mad. Having just dined I did not feel like engaging in the free-for-all, and so awaited developments. Then the line began to make rapid and inexplicable progress toward the gate. As I neared the portal the explanation was plain. The intelligent, nay, almost intellectual police, who were in charge, saw that the holders of tickets were to non-holders in about the ration of one to three, and that the greatest good of the greatest number of voters would be subserved by admitting the non-holders at once. Yet there was the rule, which, having been established by a High Authority, was not to be ignored. So the intellectual police solved the problem simply and speedily. As the tickets were collected at the gate by one officer, they were handed to another, who distributed them, through the iron railings, to those who had none, and the deadlock was broken, but the rule observed, for no restriction had been placed upon the source of the tickets. In fact, one large officer stood at the gate, later, and handed tickets to all who were not supplied, doing it openly and without shame.

Scarcely less interesting than this stroke of genius of the intellectual police, was the effect upon the crowd, when it found that tickets were being passed through the railings. Men, women and children flung themselves against the bars, like monkeys fighting for peanuts or like soldiers storming a trench. They shouted, and struggled, and fought for those free pasteboards, like madmen. I soon realized that nothing inside the Stadium could be half so interesting as this sight, and so backed away to the curb and watched the battle. I know of only one sight with which to compare it. In the old days when Naud Junction was something more interesting than a railway crossing, and Thomas Jefferson McCarey used to stage, in a huge barn, fistic entertainment, one unique feature, occasionally, was the "battle royal," consisting of sending six negroes into the ring to fight each other, the one who remained standing when the other five were prone, receiving a wreath of laurel or something of the sort, and not less than five dollars in money. Those sons of Ham never fought harder for that halteagle than did the patriotic citizens of New York for the free tickets passed through the railings at the Stadium. It was an inspiring sight. Finally, a calm citizen, who was standing near me, and likewise enjoying the spectacle, asked me if I desired tickets. I said I certainly did, if the main show was to be as good as the preliminary. He smiled and handed me two. Yet they say New Yorkers are callous and selfish!

Once seated in the huge Stadium, it was easy to understand why the Granville Barker classical performances aroused no great enthusiasm. The structure is a semicircle, and it looks out over the eastern upper end of the Island of Manhattan, and even in the twilight the view is obnoxious,

with its cheap, dirty buildings, an immense beer sign dominating the middle distance. If it had been swung round so that it would have had the dignified, substantial building of the College itself for a background, it would have been vastly different. There may be good reasons why this was not possible, but as it stands the Stadium is worthless excepting for athletic events. Its size, too, militates against its value for finely esthetic spectacles, as most of the audience, if the place were filled, would be too far away to receive anything but a general impression. And as for the spoken drama, one readily comprehends why that can never be a success there, since the speakers on this Glorious Fifth, even when they shouted at the top of their lungs, could be heard only in the front rows of five or six sections of the twenty! It was impossible not to contrast it with the Greek theater at Berkeley, nestling in the hills, where the surroundings are ideal, and the acoustics so perfect that, when I sat near the top rows at a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Ben Greet Players, every word was distinctly audible. That, however, was not a free affair, and they who went desired to hear. The crowd in the Stadium, upon discovering that it could not hear, amused itself in its own way, with various forms of minor fireworks and much conversation.

Of deep interest was the "Colossal Band Concert." This began with considerably less than a full band, as many of the players, apparently not yet well versed in the location of the place, wandered in by twos and threes in the course of the evening. The program was an illuminating commentary upon the New York taste in music. No Los Angeles band would play such a program for a brewer's picnic. It was made up entirely of the lightest of popular music, and the audience rewarded the musicians with vociferous applause. In the season, there is to be heard in New York, probably the finest music in the world, but in the summer time the city is a musical desert. There are no regular band concerts, and indoor events are unheard of. So this concert was a great treat. I did not stay long. *

Two incidents connected with motion picture progress have set the theatrical world thinking in the last fortnight. The first of these was the announcement of De Wolf Hopper that he had made a contract with D. W. Griffith for the forthcoming two years, to appear in film dramas exclusively. Hopper always has had a big following, and when a star can make such a decided jump, from comic opera in which the voice plays so great a part, to moving pictures, where it plays none at all, and can get a salary sufficiently large to make it worth his while, the question arises, Where is it going to end? It is significant that it was Griffith, the greatest constructive mind in the photoplay world, who induced Hopper to make the change, for Griffith could understand that it was not merely his cavernous voice that made Hopper amusing. Likewise, Griffith appreciates the fact that there has been little good comedy in the movies, for it is ridiculous to call the antics of Charley Chaplin and his numerous imitators, by that name. We may now look for something of a revolution through the combination of Hopper and Griffith, the comedian and the creative artist. Furthermore, Hopper has declared that he will not again try to "put over" on American audiences any more native musical comedy or comic opera that is not up to the Gilbert and Sullivan standard. He says that the delicious, satirical lines of Gilbert have spoiled him for the cheap wit of the American writers, so far as they have proved themselves thus far, though he does not yet despair of finding true American comic opera. Meanwhile, having exhausted the possibilities of the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire for the present, he will be a picture actor, and it is not impossible that two years in Los Angeles, where the Griffith concern has its headquarters, will wean him from the stage permanently.

The other incident which has been causing a great deal of talk along the Rialto, was an interview with William Brady, in which that manager said the theatrical situation was complicated for the producer, in preparing his attractions for next season, by the fact that so many of the best players were putting in the summer in moving picture camps. They are receiving, perhaps not so much salary as in the regular theatrical season in the legitimate, but at least enough that they decline to give it up, return to the city and begin rehearsing without any pay whatsoever. These rehearsals may last six weeks to two months, and then the play prove a failure, be taken off in less

than a month, and leave them with four weeks' salary, or less, for the entire three months' work. In these troubled times the managers are finding it more and more difficult to predict what will be the fate of any given play.

It is not clear whether the moving picture habit is developing in playgoers a less critical attitude toward the dialogue, and a greater appreciation of real action, or whether, surfeited with action or at least their taste for action being supplied by the photoplay, they will appreciate the more the plays in which the dialogue is "meaty." The silent drama has had its day and there are no signs of it on the horizon. It is always a transition time in the theater, but even more markedly so than usual just now. And, worst of all, the stars do not have the drawing power they formerly did, because their faces and actions have become so familiar. When a great actor could be seen only for \$2 a seat, it enhanced his charm, but now that he disports nightly at 10-15-25 he must have a real play, if people are to be expected to pay the big prices to see him. All these elements enter into the managerial quandary, so that they hesitate to make any larger expenditure upon a production than is absolutely necessary, and to pay the players while rehearsals are in progress is considered out of the question.

Truth is, the moving picture competition is proving more and more serious to the regular playhouses, continually. On Times Square there are two big houses devoted to the film dramas, the Strand and the Vitagraph, while just below, the Broadway has likewise been transformed into a picture house. Similarly, throughout the city, the moving pictures are broadening their grasp on the public favor, and it is no wonder that the regular managers are exercising the greatest caution in their fall preparations.

Filming the Star Dancers

Maud Allan, featured by the Bosworth-Morosco Film Company in "The Rugmaker's Daughter," and an Arabian dance arranged from Tschaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite appeared at Tally's Broadway theater and in thirty-six other important producing cities of the United States last Monday afternoon. Meanwhile, she calmly reclined in her own drawing-room on Lucille avenue and told a friend of her embarrassment during the production of the picture, when she was compelled to drive down Broadway, in full Oriental costume, get off at a rug shop, and pass back through the crowd to the motor. Incidentally, she stated that none of her more important dances could be reproduced on the photo-drama stage as its confines were too limited. Next season she is planning a dance for the dramatic musical work, based on an Egyptian legend and written for her by Claude Debussy. She leaves for London early in November to make arrangements for its production.

Distilled Water For Thirsty Elks

That was a thoughtful notion of the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company at the Thursday morning parade of the Elks to station cartons of Puritas water along the line of march, with pretty girls in charge to supply cooling drinks gratis to the pedestrians. One thirsty Elk from Oklahoma who was availing himself of the privilege tried to tip the blue-eyed maiden serving as Ganymede, but she laughingly refused his offer promising, however, to accompany him to the Orpheum that evening if he would get a proper introduction. That is a fair example of our Los Angeles hospitality.

Art Gallery for the Coronado

California's art standard is steadily advancing. Now we are to have a new art gallery at Coronado. John J. Hernan is the sponsor. He plans to have Mr. Spreckels build him a modern structure directly adjoining the Coronado and make it a feature of the life of Southern California. It will be the most down-to-date small art gallery in this part of the country and will embody modern methods for seeing pictures to advantage.

Nature occasionally uses strange means to stamp out an epidemic. From May to August last year there had been a number of cases of plague in Manila. September 2 a big flood inundated a large part of the city. Many rats were drowned, and many more killed in the second stories of buildings where they fled from the high water. Of course, those sick with plague, being weak, were all killed and the infected fleas on them also destroyed.

By the Way



Major Jeffrey's Chesterfield Manner

No more distinguished-looking member of the grand lodge of Elks has graced the streets of Los Angeles this stirring week than the pulchritudinous Major John B. Jeffrey of Oakland, past deputy exalted ruler of the B. P. O. E. and one time newspaper publisher in Chicago. Major Jeffrey was a candidate for the office of grand trustee of the grand lodge, but a delegation from his old city, working with the machinery set in motion by his old friend Justice Melvin, proved too much for his ambition and for this year, at least, the major is counted out, although he polled a handsome vote. Next year his friends hope his life-long services for the good of the order will be duly rewarded. Major Jeffrey was one of the founders of Chicago Lodge No. 4, B. P. O. E. of which he is now a life member, and in its early history he met all deficits of operation out of his own pocket, preaching at all times the highest ideals of Elkdom. My friendship with the major dates back to the Chicago Press Club of the early 80's, when he was not so gray as he is now. Always, he was an Adonis in figure and a Chesterfield in deportment. What a pity that the Elks have delayed his promotion for a year—he sheds rufousness when he walks abroad as naturally as the proverbial duck's back throws off water.

Word from Dr. Lindley in Alaska

Writing from the Gulf of Alaska, 3500 miles northwest of Los Angeles, under date of Friday, July 2, Dr. Walter Lindley advises me that the trip is proving a delightfully restful one. The snowcapped mountains, wonderful glaciers, many icebergs and a quiet sea he finds conducive to the reading of Service's poems which the doctor enjoys with increased appreciation amid such environment. He says the sun does not set until 10 p. m. and there is no real night. The Alaskan people, he notes, are most serious-minded due, probably, to the introspection forced on them by their long, almost interminable winter nights. With the doctor is his daughter, Miss Dorothy, Mrs. Lindley remaining at home on this trip. They expect to reach Los Angeles about August 1.

Not So Black as Painted

It was Alexander Pope who expressed the belief that every woman is at heart a rake. It has remained for Mr. Guy Price, the erudite dramatic critic of the esteemed Herald, to be less emphatic in pronouncing judgment on the gentle sex. In his review of "The Outcast," playing at the Mason this week, in the Herald of Tuesday, Mr. Price admits in the opening line that "Not all women are bad at heart." Now, heaven be praised for such toleration of opinion. Where Pope was emphatic Price is charitable. But the English poet lived in a waspish age. What may have been true in the eighteenth century does not necessarily hold good in the twentieth. At any rate, I like to believe that Mr. Price is nearer right than the poet and until proof reaches me to the contrary I shall insist that not all women are bad at heart, on the ipse dixit of Mr. Price.

He Was Loth to Disturb Her

Representing the undiluted essence of automobile misery, a man sat on the running board of a high-priced roadster on the Redondo road last Sunday. His right rear tire was flat. In his hand he held a disabled pump with which he occasionally tinkered in a discouraged fashion. That his cup might run over his fair companion, of more than ordinary beauty, was fast asleep on the seat of the car. Hundreds of autos whizzed by before one Christian driver stopped to offer assistance. Before the Good Samaritan could speak the man of misery jumped up and placed a cautioning finger to his lips. "Just slip me your pump like a good fellow will you," he said in a low voice. "I was afraid to holler at anyone for fear I would wake her up and she looks so pretty sleeping. The machines don't seem to disturb her." "How long have you been married?" he

was asked. A rosy blush overspread the face of the distressed driver as he sheepishly answered: "Just thirty-eight hours. We're on our honeymoon now."

Frank Flint in His New Home

Allusion to the San Rafael Hills reminds me that Frank P. Flint, monarch of their northern slopes, is about to move into his handsome new home, high up in the center of his eleven hundred acre estate. It is interesting to learn that the former senator has recently confided to his friends that the new dwelling, of true northern colonial architecture, is a replica of the New England house in which its owner was born. Even the United States senate seems powerless to kill all sentiment. I wish Sunsetter Flint and his family much happiness in their new home.

How Max Ihmsen Is Handicapped

How unfortunate that the "Hearst Organization" cannot leave Max Ihmsen alone in his laudable desire to run a decent, conservative paper in Los Angeles! And how bitter must be Max's thoughts, when for six days he has brought out the least sensational morning daily in the city, to be forced to make Jess Willard his leading feature on the seventh! Of course, William Randolph's bright young men doubtless thought they were scoring a "beat" when they obtained the exclusive right to the use of the name of the "white hope who brought home the bacon," but I am convinced not the entire Hearst force thinks so when not only the autobiography but also the "How to Have Health" articles attributed to the redoubtable Jess must be run in the same issue.

Restored to Juvenility

What unhappy mortal was responsible for the appearance of the following in Gen. Otis' pet column, "The Unchloroformed," in Sunday's Times? "Prof. Henrik Mohn, distinguished Norwegian meteorologist, has celebrated his 'eighteenth' birthday anniversary." The single quotes are mine. Doubtless, the general had a sufficient supply of adjectives when he discovered this unfortunate error in a department especially intended to commemorate the activities of persons who, like the distinguished editor, have passed their allotted three score and ten.

Disfiguring Exposition Park

Have you seen the new pergolas out at Exposition Park? Not bad in themselves, but it is their placement which has become a note of contention among persons interested in the logical and sane development of our only civic center setting. Two sections lead to the approach at Figueroa street and will not look so ungainly when the vines intended as their covering are full grown. The other, a tri-part affair crowds the two square block area in which are the Museum of Art, Science and History and the bandstand—termed a monstrosity by a member of the park board. Had this pergola been placed at the Thirty-ninth street approach to the park at Vermont avenue it would not cut off the landscape, which heretofore had an expanse of dignity, and at the same time would have relieved this rather bare end. How not to do it.

Why Ferris Booth Mourns

Willis Booth is "baching" it at the club these days while Mrs. Booth and their son Ferris are in San Francisco at the Exposition. Ferris is an embryo baseball fan and in Los Angeles his bent is fostered by his father who usually slips off to the ball park Saturday afternoons with him. But his mother is no fan and Ferris writes lugubrious notes of the fun he is missing since he is wholly with the women folks, for several aunts are also in the party. But Willis ran up to San Francisco Friday and I dare swear he and Ferris will put in Saturday at their favorite diversion.

Crampton Anderson's Fine Purchase

It is with mingled feelings that I learn of the removal of legal complications and the sale of the last large wooded tract of land left intact near the city. It is, however, something of a relief to know that Crampton Anderson is the lucky buyer of that 1600-acre stretch of territory in the San Rafael Hills reaching from the city limits of Glendale to those of Pasadena. His ownership will assure its development in a way which will not be an affront to good taste and will be in keeping with the excellent landscape work of his neighbor on the north, former Senator Frank P. Flint, who has already added many pleasing automobile hill drives to those which make this section so entrancing. Anderson's new property includes the romantic Sycamore Canyon, one of the few bits of virgin woodland remaining near Los Angeles. That it has been kept so long unspoiled was due to a series of business catastrophes fol-

lowing the failure of the Sierra Land and Water company, the original owner, in the early nineties. Mr. Anderson is a brother-in-law of Edward L. Doheny and quite as much a lover of natural beauty as the oil operator. He and Mr. Doheny have long been associated in business. I believe that handsome and alert John R. Powers handled the deal for Mr. Anderson.

Justice to the Press Club

It is only fair to the Los Angeles Press Club to say that the charges of grafting preferred against it by the Times cannot be substantiated. Instead of 80 per cent of the 250 members being non-press, the membership list, which I have examined, reveals 126 working newspapermen or writers, who pay monthly dues. Also the associate members are closely affiliated and their personnel would reflect credit on any similar organization. As to the club's past debts the detailed statement of the bills payable shows that all the old accounts have been settled and the current bills are being promptly met. The "Pasadena widow" who was mulcted of \$50 for promised publicity is to be regarded as a Times myth. The club would like to have her alleged identity revealed. For the past sins of commission of former press clubs in this city the present one is not responsible, and to heap odium upon it because of prior derelictions is unjust. That mistakes have been made is true. The rental charge of \$250 a month at the outset was a costly blunder, for instance. That item is now one-quarter the original sum. President R. T. Van Ettsch, I am sure, is no grafter. He could not stay eight years on one paper, the Examiner, if he were. The club, I am convinced, is trying to do the right thing and deserves to be given a friendly hand rather than an unfriendly kick.

Chief Snively's Fitness For Office

If Mayor Sebastian's tenure of office as chief of police was presented to the public as more human than that of any predecessor official it was doubtless owing to the clever work of his secretary, Claire Snively, who as a newspaper man of experience realized that there was more to the office than its punitive side. He adroitly brought to the front the human interest features that continually present themselves and through the newspapers the public was educated. Now Chief Snively has opportunity to put into practice the same traits and I miss my guess if he does not create as good an impression as the head of the police force as his late chief. Of fine principles and with a keen sense of justice, added to years of training, first as police reporter and later in a secretarial capacity, Claire Snively ought to make an excellent record as police executive.

Playing it "Low Down" on Pasadena

I hope this story told by Editor Prisk in his Pasadena Star is true. Anyway, it is so good that it deserves to be given metropolitan publicity. Here is the yarn:

Mr. Blank, very proud of his new \$1300 automobile and one of the thousands proud of his home city of Pasadena, showed his pride in both Monday by being one of the first in line to take the Elk visitors for rides about the Crown City. His first "fare" was a party consisting of a distinguished looking man and woman with two equally distinguished looking children. Greatly impressed with the evident quality of his guests, Mr. Blank quite outdid himself in escorting his new found friends around. In fact, he devoted three hours to showing them Pasadena, the surrounding country and even Glendale. The ride concluded, the wife lamented that they would have to exchange their comfortable auto for a street car to get back to Los Angeles. Mr. Blank, quick to seize an opportunity, volunteered to take them over to the city, which he did and then the wife suggested that it would be nice if they could be dropped at their stopping place on—say—Wilshire boulevard. Mr. Blank took them there and was pleased to note that the home of their temporary adoption was a beautiful place.

"Much obliged for the drive," said the head of the visiting party to Mr. Blank. "I have a Packard in the garage myself and I have always wanted to know how one of these little cars runs. It really runs fine."

"We are glad to show any Elk around, owner of a Packard or not," amiably protested Mr. Blank.

"Oh, I'm not an Elk," said the stranger.

"Well, any visitor," qualified Mr. Blank.

"Well, I suppose I am a visitor," said the Packard owner, "that is, in Pasadena. We have lived here for twenty years. I have always wanted to run over to your town and we thought today would be a good time. Thanks again, for that ride."

Music

By W. Francis Gates

JULY dinner of the Gamut Club resolved itself largely into a "Fairyland" congratulatory meeting. It was at a Gamut Club dinner about two years ago that the project of producing an American opera was given publicity. The first subscriptions to the work were made in the club. Consequently, the Gamut members felt a fatherly interest in "Fairyland" and they rejoiced in its successful production. Around the club board last week were gathered a number of persons who were of vital assistance in the project—Brian Hooker, the librettist, Alfred Hertz, the conductor and others. In the course of the evening Mr. Hertz paid a happy tribute to the many Los Angeles musicians with whom he came into contact and added "If Los Angeles ever has need of me again in her musical work, all she has to do is to call on me and I will come." Mr. Hertz was given an ovation on his arrival at the club house and at the time of his little talk.

Brian Hooker made a more pretentious address. He said that in spite of the able presentation of the opera "the greatest point was in the fact of an American opera being brought to a hearing at all. What American opera needs is simply more of it. There is no lack of American singers, no lack of audiences, no lack of money. We need more American operas and more production such as this. The only trouble about our American singers is that they don't learn to sing American. They do their preliminary study in other languages and then come back to English later. That is true of a good many but not all, of course. We dare to hope that the "Fairyland" is at least the beginning of the success and general demand for American opera in English."

Leonard Liebling, of Musical America, was another guest of the club. He said he used to think Buffalo was "west" and that music of any account didn't exist west of Chicago. Then he started on a tour of education—of himself—and certainly had his eyes opened by the quantity of good work being done by the musicians of California. "I will go back much enlightened, much humbled, to confess the worth of western music and musicians." Musical journalism was well represented at this dinner. Besides Mr. Liebling, there were Mr. and Mrs. French of the Musical Leader, Mrs. Campbell, of the Monitor, the organ of the Federation, Mr. Colby of the Pacific Coast Musician, W. S. Mountz of Music News, Chicago, and the local representative of Musical America.

Mr. C. F. French and Mrs. French, of Chicago, made short and pointed addresses, the latter claiming that the day has arrived when American music can stand on its own feet and does not need programs of American music exclusively to bolster its claims, quoting MacDowell to this effect. This aroused President Blanchard who injected interest into the situation by a defense of the American-music program. Other speakers were Mrs. Ethel Synde who recently lectured on "Fairyland," David Larson, of the Mormon Tabernacle choir, of Ogden, soon to sing here, James DeVoe, who is the Behymer of Detroit, and Miss Pinkham, of Peoria, Ill., a member

of the Federation National Board of Directors. Supervisor Norton refused to speak, further than to say he had his eye on a beautiful mountain tract as a site for the Gamut Club outings and "jinks." So many interesting speeches were made that only two musical numbers were given. Eva Mylott, formerly of Australia, gave two songs in quiet, appealing style, and Henry Balfour was heard in two "La Boheme" arias, which he gave with marked dramatic tone quality and intensity of feeling. Mr. Balfour is a member of the club, but has not been heard there since his operatic experience in the East.

In the last few weeks there has been such a congestion of music in Los Angeles as to cause musicians to overlook matters which otherwise would cause comment. One of these was the issuance of a statement by the California State Music Teachers' Association reading out of its ranks the Los Angeles association. The reason assigned is as follows: "That the local branch has constantly refused to acknowledge in business relations any governing authority of the state association constitution, or any obligation established by precedent. It has conducted the business of the Los Angeles association under a constitution adopted before affiliation with the state association was effected. It has constantly failed to make reports as requested by the state secretary according to constitutional requirements, or to pay state association dues for all members of the local branch."

Naturally the board of directors of the local association resents this as being arbitrary, unfair and hasty. Many members of the local body are not connected with the state association, hence no state dues were forwarded as from them. The local board was at one time overwhelmed with debt, injudiciously assumed. This debt has been largely dissipated by the present management. In its troubles the local association felt it did not have the sympathy and assistance of the state officers. A statement issued by the local executive board asserts that the association as an organization was loyal to the state body, though the actions of the latter had alienated many of the local members from the state connection.

As seen by an outsider, it looks as if the activity and success of the local Music Teachers' Association has grown in proportion to the attenuation of its connection with the state association. It seems to the writer that the geography of the situation, taken into connection with the comparatively small number of music teachers who feel able to travel a thousand miles to attend a state convention, continually will militate against an active and united state association. There are no good-sized local associations between Los Angeles and Oakland—no connecting links. Consequently, it would be better to have a flourishing body in the San Francisco district and another for Southern California, with fraternal delegates from each to the other at their annual meetings. Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside and other southern cities can form a fairly compact association which can hold annual meetings fully as successful as the present state meetings. Few teachers travel from one end of the state to the

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Parker devoted possibly a year—his vacation year—to the work, all told. He may get at least \$6,000 from his position and incidental work at Yale College. Beyond this, the expenses of himself and wife to Los Angeles to supervise the production of his work must have cost him six to eight hundred dollars more. So, in the end, he will have only the glory. But he doubtless feels well repaid at that, for he has received a wide publicity, the work will add immensely to his reputation and his opera has had what is very rare for an American opera, and that is an adequate production. This latter is the dream of all composers, but is realized by but three or four in a generation, in America. Consequently, Prof. Parker may be counted a very lucky, as well as a very learned man.

Mormon Choir to Appear at Trinity

Prof. J. J. McClellan, who comes to Los Angeles with the famous Mormon Tabernacle choir July 19 and 20, is considered one of the greatest organists in the west. He will be one of the soloists at the Trinity Auditorium and will render several organ and piano selections. Los Angeles music lovers will welcome the visit of Prof. McClellan; Miss Emma Lucy Gates, the soprano, who has won fame on both the concert and grand opera stage and Leon Hoffmeister, the New York baritone. The choir is directed by Prof. Joseph Ballantyne, and Sam F. Whitaker is the organist.

Doubtless, there was a feeling of envy in the ranks of American opera writers, when it was announced that the Parker opera obtained the \$10,000 prize. But if my guess is right, Prof. Parker has none of that \$10,000 to show for his work. In the first place, the money probably will be divided between himself and Mr. Hooker, the librettist, in equal parts or on a basis of say \$4,000 to Mr. Hooker. Prof.

Cheaters

ASSURANCES may be conveyed to pretty and sprightly Elsie Ferguson that she has captured the discerning theatergoers of Los Angeles by her unusually clever work in the trying role of Miriam, the outcast, in the play of that name by Hubert Henry Davies, given at the Mason this week. Twenty years ago such a theme as the "Outcast" exploits would hardly have been tolerated on the American stage, but now we sit for two hours or more contemplating the "reformation" of a young woman by a sophisticated bachelor man who raises her from the

freight is nursing a shock to his amour propre in that his fiancee has cast him off for a man of wealth, a baronet, and in his despair he has taken to drugs. From this deplorable state the cheery little outcast rescues him and, duly grateful, Geoffrey lavishes upon her a goodly share of his earnings, which soon pour in, for he is a money-maker. Then his old love, tiring of her elderly husband, fancies she wants Geoffrey's attentions and he, still cherishing her image announces to Miriam his intention of leaving her and taking up with Valentine. In a stormy scene she first cajoles, then



NAZIMOVA IN "WAR BRIDES" AT THE ORPHEUM

gutter, so to say, by establishing her as his mistress. Eventually, in the fourth act, he completes her upstanding by urging her to be his wife and although she declines the proffered honor, the inference is that she will reconsider if properly urged.

Why the play is accepted is due to the fact that the ethics are carefully observed. Geoffrey assumed certain responsibilities when he undertook to preserve from the streets a waif who, with a good heart, and excellent impulses had slipped, by force of circumstances, into devious ways. Geof-

threatens, then, as he goes out, wildly expostulates on his conduct, which she declares will force her back to the streets.

Here is where we take issue with the playwright and where his ethics are awry. Why "back to the streets?" With a furnished flat, much jewelry and ready money the discarded mistress can convert her personal property into more hard cash, sufficient to maintain her until she can find respectable employment. As an American girl she ought to have known better than to harp on so false a cord.

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However, she is happily spared this fate. Her appearance at Geoffrey's rooms, whither Valentine has come to give herself to her former betrothed, arouses a latent sense of honor in the young matron who renounces her intention and yields up Geoffrey to Miriam, who accepts what the gods so kindly bestow. As for Geoffrey, he seems to be equally satisfied with the one as the other; a poor stick for two women to grow tearful about.

Miss Ferguson easily dominates the play, which would be unrelieved of gloom but for Miriam's sense of humor. Her language is a blend of the Bowery with Piccadilly circus, softened by association with Geoffrey. When she smiles, the stage is lightened and her pretty figure seems no whit the worse for the wear and tear that Miriam's experiences have cost it. Miss Ferguson has both charm and savoir faire—she can easily fill the niche which the fading popularity of Maude Adams leaves vacant. Charles Cherry is a shade too mature to be a convincing Geoffrey, save that it requires a sophisticated bachelor to reflect all that the playwright intended of the character. The Valentine of Marguerite Leslie is adequate, and the minor roles are satisfactorily filled.

S. T. C.

"Miracle Mary" at the Burbank

There are big possibilities in "Miracle Mary" Willard Mack's new play, given its premier at the Burbank Theater last Sunday afternoon. Its presentation was much like that of the old Drury Lane successes which were so alive with spectacle situations and played to the "crowds." The "mob" scene of the first act Salvation Army barracks, its testimony giving and

chorus were unusually good, and the closing act in the chapel at Ossining lacked but one detail of being perfect, and that was that the repartee permitted the convicts seemed a trifle overdrawn. Other settings were just as realistic and the third act in Mrs. O'Dowd's lodging will long be remembered as a feature of this play. The bed-making scene is unique in stage pictures. The court room set is by far the most concise as to accessories in any production yet made locally. The theme of the play is one presented often, though under various guises.

There appears to be one point dwelt on with too much emphasis. Mary's speeches are too long. We like to hear sermonizing on the stage, but only when it is tersely presented. Commendation must be given for the writing of the role of Mrs. O'Dowd—she is realistic, and even convincing to the most skeptical believers in "how the other half lives." In fact, so potent are all the characters that one stirs unconsciously, awakening to the fact that it is only a play, when one notes the descending curtain.

While Mr. Mack wrote this play for his wife, Marjorie Rambeau, who as "Mary" looks more beautiful than ever, it does not afford her the opportunities her elastic talents require. Mary, in reality, is the weakest role in the play. It lacks force in any other element than that of preaching. "Joseph," alias "Idaho Joe," is the "bigger" character of the two and Louis Bennison makes him real. He brings a conviction of sincerity to this role which stamps him as possible of greater ability than has heretofore been credited to him. Edmond Lowe's "Jack Brennan" is a work of art, both

as to make up and portrayal. He has learnt that a part may have limitations, a fact he did not realize in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." "Mrs. O'Dowd" as Lillian Elliott presents her wins the house in her rendition of the terse comedy lines. This actress deserves the opportunity of a metropolitan production. "Nellie O'Dowd" is one of the best depictions Grace Travers as a member of the Burbank company has given us, and Winifred Bryson in the space of a few short moments makes "a drunken woman" a part to be remembered. "Private Amy" was not significant as Evelyn Duncan pictured her, but possibly that was the fault of the lines. John Ivan as the "Judge" was miscast, Lee Feuegrela made an excellent attorney and George Rand when he becomes less conscious will give dignity to the part of the assistant district-attorney.

One character which stands out in the last act is that of Jack Leonard's characterization of "Warden Brownell," a sincere effort. The motif for the play is to bring home to many un-

early release which in truth is accomplished by means of the most modern of miracles—the motion picture.

Notable Mystery Act At Orpheum

An interesting variation in the usual mystery act is presented at the Orpheum this week by Mercedes and Mlle. Stanton. There is a refreshing absence of curtained cabinets, weird lighting and the usual accompaniments to such a stunt. In this case the stage is attractively set with a grand piano in the center, at which the blind-folded Mlle. Stanton is seated and plays any air suggested to the man by members of the audience. The results are truly amazing. The wonderful chimpanzee, Little Nap is worth seeing. He takes a fair friend motoring, orders a meal at a cafe, which he tops off with a large cigar in a laughably lifelike manner. The inevitable balancing act this time is given by Terada Brothers, two Japanese who are unusually clever and a delight to the eye in the beautiful colors of their costume. Tudor Cameron



ONE OF LOIE FULLER'S DANCING GIRLS AT THE MASON

thinking beings the fact of the forgiveness of the All-Father, a plea for more gentleness in judging our fellowmen—a spur to the recognition of the possibilities within every human being. What greater theme can a playwright have to interest his audiences? As this philosophy has been written into the play Mary, a Salvation Army lassie, falls in love with a ticket of leave man out after his second term. She works a miracle, deserving her sobriquet, "Miracle Mary," and Joe becomes a chaste being, a pillar of the army. His peers, who have condemned him, believe this impossible and desiring to make him a factor of their dragnet—the stool pigeons—attempt to inveigle him. Mary protects him, with the aid of political intervention, a little inconsistent in its purpose, when the remainder of the story is so strong for verity in inspiration, and incidents occur which finally make Joe the victim of a "frame-up." Mary, always at his side, leads him to the pen when circumstantial evidence commits him for a third term, promising him an

and Bonny Gaylord present a bit of frothy nonsense in "Hired and Fired." Mr. Cameron is worthy of a better sketch for he has a real comedy gift. One could have wished a more alluring partner for him than the buxom Bonny. The Fashion Show still holds a prominent place on the bill and seems to please the masculine portion of the audience as well as the women folk. The models are all—well nearly all—worth a second glance. Other holdovers are the absurd "Missitt Junction" of Mr. Hymack, billed as the chameleon comedian, Fisher and Green in "On Account of the Subway," which contains ancient gags, and Fritz Bruch and Sister in a most mediocre musical program. Pathé motion pictures complete the bill.

La Loie Fuller at the Mason

Debussy's music with dance and color accompaniment will play a prominent part in the program to be given by La Loie Fuller at the Mason Opera House the week beginning Monday, July 19. When La Loie attempted to execute in dancing with

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little movement, a symphony of Debussy's trio of nocturnes—"clouds, fate and siren"—a storm of protest arose from the musical world and Debussy himself thought it could not be done. The occasion was an opera in Paris when more than one hundred musicians, selected from among the best in France, were directed by one of the leaders of Debussy music. All Paris was present at that memorial performance. Half were present to protest for their idol, La Loie Fuller, and the other half to crush her in her attempt at vandalizing the music of the great Debussy, the man who revolutionized music. But sceptics who came to scoff, remained to praise. A prominent critic said. "We love La Loie Fuller and believe she can produce anything in light and color. Her power in originality is unique. However, no one must ruin our taste for Debussy music by making us look at something at the same time—it would be a sacrilege. No, we protest!" Under these conditions Loie Fuller undertook the task of reforming a musical and prejudiced public. She was conscientious and determined not to attempt it if the rehearsals were unsatisfactory. When the first night arrived the elite of Paris came to see her fall or rise. It is now a matter of history what she did on that occasion. Her triumph was complete.

Third Week of "So Long Letty"

"So Long Letty" will have its twentieth performance at the Morosco theater tomorrow evening in beginning the third week of one of the most attractive runs in the theatrical history of Los Angeles. The big comedy with music has not only pleased patrons of the house but has proved a sensation in that it has played to capacity audiences at every performance and the advance sale indicates a big run on the play. "So Long Letty" is supplying the ideal summer entertainment both in quality, quantity and in prices. Leading the cast are Charlotte Greenwood and Sydney Grant while Selma Paley, Walter Catlett, May Boley and Wil-

liam Rock are featured in big roles. There are a dozen big song hits in "So Long Letty" and all Los Angeles is whistling them. The usual matinees Wednesday and Saturday will be played and there will be several new features in the third week.

New York Success for Burbank
Nothing can be more fascinating in the way of dramatic material, than mystery. When it is applied to a high class crime it becomes of absorbing interest. About the time of the Charles Becker investigations in New York, following the expose of the New York graft-ring, John Emerson, author, actor and director of New York, produced a play, treating with a great American mystery which employed details that bore on the solution of actual conditions then confronting police circles. The play was "The Conspiracy" with its novel story of an eccentric old scientific detective who, fathomed mysteries in his daily writings. It charmed New York and ran for one solid year with John Emerson in the leading role. Later, it met with the same success for a like period in London and throughout England. Manager Morosco will present "The Conspiracy" at the Burbank theater Sunday afternoon with John Emerson and Marjorie Rambeau in the leading roles, while the entire strength of the Burbank company will form the support.

Nazimova in "War Brides" at Orpheum
Nazimova, long expected, much heralded, and without doubt the most important dramatic star to reach here in many months, will be the topliner at the Orpheum, the week beginning with Monday's matinee, July 19, when she will present Marion Craig Wentworth's "War Brides." No announcement made by the Orpheum since Mme. Bernhardt compares with it in significance. Not only does it mean that Los Angeles is one of the first cities to see this tremendous play, but also that it will see Nazimova, admittedly the supreme emotional actress of the age. No drama yet

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



Social & Personal

PARTICULARLY brilliant among the season's society affairs was the musicale given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff of West Adams street, who are guests at the Beverly Hills hotel for the summer. The affair was planned in honor of their gifted daughter, Miss Leila Holterhoff, who is home for the summer, and in compliment to Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Frederick P. Reynolds of Honolulu, who are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Emmeline Childs of West Adams street. Three hundred guests enjoyed the occasion, the hotel being exclusively reserved for the evening. Decorations were artistically carried out in the arrangement of fragrant blossoms and greenery, while supper was served in the picturesque tea houses. An enjoyable musical program was presented, this being the special feature of the evening, since it gave the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Holterhoff and their daughter the opportunity to hear the latter in a number of vocal selections, which were as follows:

Aria, Louise (Carpentier), Miss Holterhoff; (a) Minnelied, (b) Standchen, (c) Traun! Bogen und Pfeil (Brahms), Mr. Clifford Lott; (a) Freundliche Vision, (b) Morgen, (c) Standchen (Strauss), Miss Holterhoff; (a) Prelude (Cyril Scott) Les Heures Rose, (c) L'Heures D'or, Mrs. Hortense Childs Reynolds; Duet, Thais (Massenet), Miss Holterhoff and Mr. Lott; (a) An Uncooth Love Song (Walford Davies), (b) My Native Land (Hugo Kaun), (c) The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest (Horatio Parker), Mr. Lott; (a) Sylvaine (Christian Sinding), (b) Boat Song (Harriet Ware), (c) A Spirit Flower (B. Martin Stanton), (d) The Birth of Morn (Paul Lawrence Dunbar), Miss Holterhoff.

It is seven years since the many friends of Miss Holterhoff heard her sing in public at the Mason Opera House, and in the interim the talented young woman has pursued her studies unremittingly at Berlin. Allied with a pure lyric soprano of engaging quality is a technique that is well-nigh perfect and this rare combination yields a voice of incomparable charm. In the aria, Louise (Carpentier), the low-ceilinged room detracted a little from the full artistry of the singer, but the rendering was of subtle sweetness. In the Strauss selections she was equally effective, and to musicians these songs revealed her at her best; but it was in the last group, sung in English that Miss Holterhoff completely won her auditors. Of especial charm was her work in the duet with Mr. Lott, in Massenet's "Thais," which selection never has been better given in Los Angeles. Mr. Lott's limpid baritone blended beautifully with the liquid sweetness of the soprano and that a repetition was demanded was not strange. The qualities in Mrs. Hortense Childs Reynolds voice proved a surprise to many of the guests who had known the talented visitor as a young girl in this city. Hers is a mezzo-soprano of velvety richness, revealing fine cultivation. Her rendition of Cyril Scott's prelude and Les Heures (Augusta Holmes), so delighted her appreciative auditors that an urgent recall was sounded. As an encore name she sang in captivating manner and with rare dramatic effect a dainty Spanish composition to which she played her own accompaniment. Mr. Lott was in fine voice and his group of Brahms' songs elicited spontaneous approval. In his English selections he accented his popularity. His rendition of Parker's "The Lark Now Leaves His Wintry Nest" was par-

ticularly fine. At the piano was Mrs. Lott and Mrs. Hennion Robinson, accompanists of rare interpretive skill. Among the friends assisting Mr. and Mrs. Holterhoff were Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano, Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. John Dwight of Washington, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard, Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, Mrs. William N. Goodwin, Mrs. Eleanor Macauley, Mrs. Albert Llewellyn Cheney, Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, Mrs. A. C. Denman, Jr., Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mrs. Dan Murphy, Mrs. Ozro W. Childs, Mrs. Stephen Childs, Mrs. Willis J. Hunt, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. William E. Dunn and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys.

This season, which is bringing thousands and thousands of strangers to Los Angeles for a visit, is returning also many former society girls, who as young matrons have gone east to make their homes. Among the most charming of these latter who are receiving a cordial welcome from a host of friends is Mrs. Lambert Whitfield Jordan, who with her husband, Captain Jordan, has come from Washington for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of West Twenty-eighth street. Mrs. Jordan will be remembered as Miss Susan Wilshire Carpenter, her marriage several seasons ago to the popular young army officer having been a notable society event. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter have with them also another of their daughters, Mrs. Clara Nave, and in honor of the two visitors Mrs. Carpenter entertained Wednesday afternoon with a daintily appointed tea. Miss Fannie Todd Clarke of St. Louis who is passing the month here was an honored guest, as was Mrs. Harold Plummer, formerly Miss Doris Wilshire, a niece of the hostess and one of the season's brides. The home was attractively decorated for the occasion. About fifty or sixty guests were invited for the afternoon and Mrs. Carpenter was assisted by her youngest daughter, Mrs. Hugh Walker, Jr., Mrs. Clarence Carpenter, Mrs. Fred Wolcott and Mrs. George Wilshire. Captain and Mrs. Jordan who have been making their home in Washington, D. C., will be located for a time in El Paso, Texas, to which place Captain Jordan has been assigned for duty. Mrs. Carpenter later plans to entertain a number of the younger set in honor of Miss Fanny Todd Clark. Miss Clark, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Todd Clark of St. Louis, is with her grandmother, Mrs. Hinman Clark, enjoying several weeks' stay in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood and family have been enjoying a pleasant sojourn at Hermosa Beach. Later in the season Mrs. Wood plans to go east to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Langford Stack, the latter formerly Miss Elizabeth Wood. It is likely that the latter two will return with Mrs. Wood to the coast upon the conclusion of her visit with them in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Janss have been enjoying life at Coronado, having motored down for the Fourth.

Miss Mildred Gray Bulfinch of 955 South Vermont avenue has returned

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to her home here after an absence of nearly two years. Miss Bulfinch enjoyed a leisurely tour of the world and for the last year has been attending Smith college.

Among the many charming visitors who are in Los Angeles for the summer months are Mrs. L. C. Boyle and her three attractive daughters, Misses Katherine, Clara Louise and Gertrude Boyle of Kansas City. They will remain for a stay of two months and in that time will be the recipients of much delightful entertaining on the

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part of Mrs. Boyles' brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hayward Simpson of the Hayward hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have a cozy mountain cabin in the Lytle Creek canyon, where with their guests and friends they plan a number of enjoyable week-ends, as well as at their apartments at the Nadine in Ocean Park, which they have taken for the summer months. Mrs. Boyle and her trio of winsome daughters have visited in Los Angeles before and their return will be made the motif for any number of other informal entertainments upon the part of the many friends they have previously made here.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring have returned from San Francisco where they have been for the last six months. They are temporarily located at the Beverly Hills hotel, but later will go back into their own home in Canyon Drive, Beverly.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Graham of 643 South New Hampshire street has as her house guest her sister, Mrs. A. P. Beauchamp of San Diego. Mrs. Graham entertained Tuesday with a smart luncheon in honor of her sister and several other affairs are being planned one of which is to be a dinner at the Los Angeles Country Club, next week.

Miss Alice Elliott, daughter of Mr. J. M. Elliott of 914 West Twenty-eighth street is passing the summer in the east, visiting friends in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and their two sons, E. Avery, Jr., and James Howard, are at their Redondo Beach home for the remainder of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy's delightful week-end parties, while at the beach, are a pleasant feature of the social life at that resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint of Pasadena and Mr. and Mrs. J. King Macomber, left a few days ago for the north. They plan to visit at the home of Mrs. Landgon Laws at Santa Barbara. Mrs. Eugene Howlett is also a guest of Mrs. Laws and this small coterie of friends are planning many merry affairs together.

Mrs. George Wilshire and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wolcott who recently returned from a visit to the exposition in San Francisco, are occupying the cozy summer home of Mrs. Wilshire at Redondo Beach. They plan to remain there for the remainder of the summer and the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague Ward, who are visiting in San Pedro as the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gaffey, will leave soon for a visit of several weeks in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Gaffey will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Ward on their northern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Munroe, the latter formerly Miss Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson of West Twenty-eighth street, are in San Francisco temporarily. They are guests at the St. Francis. Mr. Munroe, who is a lieutenant in the navy, is connected with the submarine and ship departments.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan O. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Overton are enjoying a yachting cruise on the Adams yacht, having gone to Santa Cruz Island last week-end. These young people are all fond of aquatic sports and have many good times in their cruises.

Tuesday, at the home of Miss Katherine Cocke, 2316 South Figueroa street, a most unusual affair was given, when a dozen or more young girls, all pupils of music at Miss Cocke's school, prepared and served without extra help an elaborate luncheon. These future debutantes are per-

mitted to take a cooking lesson once each week and the affair of Tuesday was perfect in all its appointments. The young hostesses were the Misses Marjory Fleming, Josephine Cook, Joan Smalley, Muriel Flint, Louise Innes, Anna Katherine Flint, Alice Hicks, Ruth Dockweiler, Louise Kramer, Catherine Wilson and Marguerite Leslie, who was guest of honor.

Mrs. Gregory Perkins entertained informally at dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Hinman Clark and her granddaughter, Miss Fanny Todd Clark of St. Louis, guests for a few weeks in Los Angeles.

Among the Los Angelans who are enjoying July at the beach are Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry and Mrs. Eva Howland of 2632 Ellendale Place, who with Miss Nora Sterry, Miss Ruth Sterry, Mr. Philip Sterry, Master Charles Sterry and Miss Blanche Mortier form a merry house-party at Hermosa Beach. They are occupying the cozy home at 72 Ocean Strand.

For Miss Natalie Cake who is to marry Ray Dudley, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Dudley July 28, Mrs. Ernest J. Lickley of 850 Mariposa avenue entertained last Saturday afternoon with a luncheon and miscellaneous shower. The decorations were exquisitely carried out in a color scheme of pink and white. Above the table was suspended a white rose covered wedding bell and from it trailed streamers of plumes and pink satin ribbon.

As a centerpiece a basket of tall La France roses served and pink sweet pea formed a fretwork on the cloth. The place cards were hand-painted pink cupids and as favors tiny wedding rings tied with satin ribbons holding minute gold wedding bells were much appreciated. The guests, besides the hostess and her honoree, were Mesdames Noel Edwards and Charles Hayden and the Misses Florence Cake, sister of the bride-elect, Marguerite Marsh, Leta Muck, Mabel Lasher, Mary Wallace-Hayden and Socia Hickey.

This week a visitor of note has been Daniel E. Daggett, one of the directors of the Egyptian Lacquer Company of New York and brother of Frank S. Daggett, director of the Museum of Science, History and Art at Exposition Park. Mr. Daggett was the guest of his son-in-law, Captain Alexander, of the U. S. Cruiser Albany on the voyage which brought down the naval militia from Tacoma and Seattle to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition for several days.

At the premier of Lanier Bartlett's new photoplay "Ebb Tide," presented at the American Theater last Thursday, Mrs. Bartlett and a party of friends were the guests of honor. Monday evening at Clune's Auditorium, where Mr. Bartlett's dramatization of the "Rosary" was given its initial production, she was present again accompanied by invited friends.

Mr. Alden W. Skinner, formerly of this city, who has been at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, since his return from Geneva, Switzerland, sails on the S. S. Kroonland via Panama for Panama for New York, August 3, and returns early in the fall to Long Beach. Mr. Skinner will visit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition before starting on his sea voyage.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, their son-in-law and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Warren and the Misses Florence and Charline Woodhead are enjoying a pleasant visit in the north.

Returning this week from a honeymoon trip across the continent are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burton Scoville who were married at the home of the bride's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. William Augustus Goodman, Jr., in Garden City, Long Island, June 23. Mrs.

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Scoville was Miss Fannie May Grossius of New York, and Mr. Scoville is the well known Pasadena capitalist and art connoisseur. They will be at home at 545 West Colorado street, Pasadena, after July 15.

Mrs. Richard Heimann of San Francisco has come down from the north for a ten days' visit with her mother, Mrs. Estelle L. Larned of 948 South Alvarado street. Mrs. Heimann will be remembered by her many friends here as Miss Ruth Larned, one of the most popular of the younger set before her marriage and departure for her new home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Janss of Brentwood with their small daughter, Louise, are planning to leave for a northern trip August 1. They will motor to San Francisco where they have taken an apartment for a month's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Colcock Jones of 102 South Occidental Boulevard are looking forward to the arrival of the former's sister, Miss Susan Jones of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Miss Jones will arrive in Los Angeles July 24 and Tuesday, July 27. Mrs. Jones will entertain with an attractively appointed tea in honor of her guest. Later Mr. and Mrs. Jones will accompany their eastern guest to San Francisco where they will visit the exposition together.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith have returned from their wedding trip of four weeks and have taken apartments at the Beverly Hills for the summer. Mrs. Smith who is one of the most attractive of the season's brides, was Miss Florence Ellen Clark

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before her marriage, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington of Pasadena are planning to visit San Francisco the last three months of the exposition. They will take a house in the northern city through their stay. Mrs. Huntington has completely recovered from the illness that confined her to her home for several weeks.

Felicities are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Giles Vernon Kellogg, Jr., of 172 South Hobart boulevard upon the arrival of a baby daughter, who has been named Barbara Louise Kellogg. Mrs. Kellogg will be remembered as Miss Marietta King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. King of 1423 Manhattan place.

Mrs. Elon F. Willcox and son, Farnsworth Willcox, of 2957 Halldale avenue left today for San Francisco. They are making the northern trip by

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



By Beatrix de Lack Kromback

ARCHAEOLOGICAL hall in the Indian Arts building at San Diego has unique murals, significant as decorations, and serving a double purpose in that they tell the story of the early life of the Indians who inhabited this section of the country. These panels are the work of Gerald Cassidy, well known as a depicter of the southwestern aborigines. Pueblo Indians were a peaceful people, but the Navajo and Apache roamed the prairies destroying and stealing the crops of their hostile brethren. That the men might more readily guard their stores, community or pueblo houses were built. It is said, by authorities on the subject, that from these collective dwelling-places our modern apartment houses originated. Specific facts featured in these wall canvases are the environment of the early settlers and the locality in which their relics of pottery were found. To make them more picturesque Mr. Cassidy planned a setting for each panel. These he effected by using enclosed graduated half squares to interpret clouds, and straight lines as symbolic of rain.

* * *

Beginning on the east wall the following is the story: Tchigere, Indian for the Spanish "Pajarito Plateau," meaning little bird, so named because little wrens make it their habitat, is seen as a reconstructed pueblo built on the foundation as discovered there. There are three sections shown of this area; the central one has in the distance a view of Bare Mountain, one of the six points constituting the Indian's world. They read up and down, east and west and north and south. In the third is seen the dugout rooms as they were hewn in the solid cliffs. Those who sought solitude lived on the face of the mesa in holes dug out with roofs formed somewhat like a porch. Going on toward the fourth panel we find a trail, worn by the Indians walking across for thousands of years, and close at hand is the ruin of a mesa. The path is only from two and a half to three feet deep, just wide enough to permit a horse passing and the view reached is beautiful as it overlooks the country for one hundred or more miles around. It was used as a lookout from which to spy

the enemy. Next is depicted Kwappoge, Ancient Santa Fe, the oldest continuously inhabited city in the United States, as it looked before white man came. It has been composed from historical data and the ruins found there. Today it is the capitol of New Mexico. The place presented by the pueblo on the right is now what is known as Fort Marcy, where American soldiers found the Mexicans, and on the left is where at present stands the San Miguel Mission Church, the oldest known in history. In the center of the picture is the ruin of the old palace of the govern-

one knows where it came from. The Indians reverence it. It sets like a flat table land above an unusual and interesting colored rock.

* * *

On the west end there are three panels which represent the petrified forest where so much valuable pottery has been found. Pine trees, thousands of years old, are now beautiful agate logs. These lie at the rim of a basin at one time a large lake. The north wall has two panels, one the Rock of Acoma, a New Mexico mesa rising 700 to 800 feet and which today is a pueblo inhabited by about 2000 Indians; the New Mexico building in San Diego is a replica of the Church in that pueblo, and the other in Utah is a natural bridge and twin monuments of sandstone which soar to a great height. This composition is of Mr. Cassidy's own making to show the wonderful formation of the rock. All of these murals have been executed with care and thoughtfulness. They are simply and directly treated and show the cleverness of the artist in composition. The piece



MRS. EDGAR L. HEWITT. PORTRAIT BY GERALD CASSIDY

Week of July 17 to July 24
Old masters—Little Gray Gallery
—Exposition Park.
Canvases by California painters—
Museum Art Gallery.
Gerald Cassidy—two large can-
vases—Museum Art Gallery.
Special exhibition—Friday Morn-
ing Clubhouse.
Francisco Cornejo — Original
sketches—Club Anahuac, 2206
South Figueroa.
Harry Raymond Henry—land-
scapes—Anne Studio, Chester
Place.
E. Irving Couse—eleven new In-
dian canvases—Kanst Art Gal-
lery, 854 South Hill.
Rare Japanese Prints—Bentz Art
Rooms, 213 West Fourth.
Ralph Davidson Miller—land-
scapes—A. A. Byrens gallery,
836 South Broadway.
Art fabrics in cretonne and block
prints—Raymond Gould Shop,
324 West Fifth.
Maxfield Parrish prints of Shake-
speare's Tempest—Duncan Vail
Company, 730-32 South Hill.
Child studies in home gardens—
Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East
Colorado, Pasadena.
Art furniture and individual
home accessories—O'Hara &
Livermore, 253 East Colorado,
Pasadena.

or, housing the exhibit and museum of the Archaeological Society of New Mexico. We have now reached the Canyon de Chelle supposed to be a deep canyon showing cliff dwellers homes at the bottom. This panel has unusual brush quality in that the reflections of one wall against the other are developed by using sunlit shadows and purple ones to designate depth. This was no lightly gained effect and required ingenuity in execution. The tower of the cliff dwellers which adjoins, is built of rock with faced corners, and is an early example of building construction as followed today. The enchanted mesa, the last on east wall and the site of an old pueblo inhabited for several hundred years is alive with mystery, for no

de resistance however is the central and main panel, occupying the place of honor on the west wall, and Omar's terse "Having Writ—Moves On" captions it. The historian, his work completed, calls it to the attention of the chief that he may give his approval. This august personage gratefully accepts it. This panel has received tender and facile brush work. Its sunset atmosphere, indicative of the end of the day of service, blends in mellow tones which permeate man and element. One can gaze long on this picture and each time one returns he will find new values. It is one of the finest and biggest canvases both as to size and depiction Mr. Cassidy has ever attempted.

Along these same lines is the large

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canvas now on the east wall at Ex-
position Park and shortly to become
part of the famous Freer collection in
Boston. Mr. Cassidy calls this one
"Reflections." Po-Tse, the Indian
name for Julian Martinez and mean-
ing Water Eagle, is seen standing
looking out into the future. These
people are a very retrospective race.
Behind him are hieroglyphic inscrip-
tions on the stone wall telling the his-
tory of his tribe the Pueblos—on the
ground is the cliff dwellers bowl, a
remnant of the past. Both in story-
telling quality and atmosphere this
canva is well handled. It is highly
decorative and therefore pictorial in
presentment. Its color scheme has
been well carried out and Mr. Freer
is fortunate in his judgment for he
purchased the canvas while it was yet
incomplete. Close beside it hangs
"The Artist," to be placed in the Den-
ver Public Library. He is seen visual-
izing his design upon depicting it
on the bowl's surface. Behind him
are clouds, an eagle flying and an es-
tufa, or house of worship. These are
to tell us that his design will be in-
fluenced by his religious beliefs.
Again Po-Tse, who comes of the
tribe of Pueblos who live in San Il-
defonso, is the subject. His pose is
well studied and the texture quality
is splendidly treated. The technique
is simple, direct and effective.

* * *

Recently, Mr. Cassidy has taken to

a new form of art expression—that of portraiture, and so successful have his efforts in this direction proved that he intends making it one of his specialties. The accompanying illustration is a just completed presentment of Mrs. Edgar L. Hewitt, wife of the director of the School of American archaeology. Posed in the garden in the full glow of midday sunshine, the subject is seen seated in a comfortable chair with a dainty orange silken scarf draped about her shoulders. Mr. Cassidy has cleverly caught the fleeting expression of animation. It is an excellent likeness and the trailing roses serve finely as a background. In handling, it is direct and as a color scheme it is individual, striking a note of strength and brilliancy, not always apparent in portraits.

* * *

Still young in years Francisco Cornejo has been developing his art knowledge to a fine point of understanding. From indications noted in his present exhibition hung on the walls of the Anahuac Clubhouse at 2206 South Figueroa street, and to remain there until August 2, the advance to be seen in the brush work and expression of the last year is remarkable. Particularly are these qualities to be found in the seventeen sketches executed while en route to and in San Francisco the last three weeks of June. Monterey, Carmel, the Exposition buildings and grounds are the locale of the scenes interpreted. Of historical interest is that presenting the adobe house which was the adobe of the late Robert Louis Stevenson at Monterey while writing his famous "Silverado Squatters." Today it is the habitat of Mexicans and pigs. As Mr. Cornejo has seen it it glows in brilliant blendings of cadmium and gradations of browns all influenced by a late afternoon sun. This canvas is a half hour sketch and has been treated with directness and spontaneity. Two of Carmel Mission, one a gray day, the other a brilliant sunlight effect, shows this artist to have learnt appreciation of color values. "Old Mission Dolores," at San Francisco, has poetic feeling in expression, developed in values of gray. Looking toward the main arch of the Tower of Jewels, at the Exposition he prepared a simple and decorative presentment, a blending of harmonious colors in an individual setting. Aside from this group he is also showing a number of decorative garden studies, one of "Early Morning in the Canyon," blue, gray and green in effect and o'er cast with a misty sky. Another of the arroyo out Hollywood way, made on one of his tramping trips, is an imaginative decorative landscape concept and has been developed in a low tone key, while the "Entrance to the Pueblo of San Juan Capistrano," with large poplars and tawny garden brush, is a study in gray purples. Both of the last named have been developed with spot stroke, a method Mr. Cornejo employs because he likes to copy the work of Jules Guerin. They have much of the treatment one finds in the sketches and drawings of that artist, but fail in the understanding which Mr. Guerin brings to his values of line and plane. Quaint in development is a "Road at the End of a Hill" on which one sees old eucalypti guarding as sentinels the sunset, radiant in its afterglow tones. In a poetic mood he has conceived "Tears" first an interpretation of dramatic cypresses bending over a tomb in a Monterey cemetery. Later it was made into a more symbolic concept by the introduction of a raised bier upon which a nearby weeping figure has placed brilliant red blossoms. Through the weird branches streams the glowing, setting sun. What future tendencies in this direction will do for this young artist remains an open question. I think he will do well to work along these lines for he appears to have vision broad enough to encompass the

boundary of reality and invention. The "Last Kiss of the Sun" is another impression.

* * *

Maurice Braun's new landscape at the Kanst Gallery, mentioned last week, lies wide in purple shadows which envelop hill and valley and the new mown field is pleasant to look upon in brilliant sunlight tones. Sage in brown purple values caress and silhouette green shrubbery, and the distant hills are veiled in mystic aerial lights. When people say there is no American landscape, refer them to this artist's recent canvas. The eight pochades just received by Mr. Kanst from E. Irving Couse, and also mentioned, tell the story of the environment enjoyed by the Taos Indians who make that part of New Mexico their home. "By the Stream" composes a first American Pan playing pipes while his comrade bathes in the stream below. For so small a canvas it has been excellently executed. "An Ideal" portrays another aborigine, also a musician, happily serenading the elements, in rustic surroundings. Striking a new note is "Turkey Hunting About the Aspines." In this canvas Mr. Couse has introduced wonderful tone lights. Two Indians, splendidly modeled, are preparing to land a prize. Blues mingle with lighter tones and in contrast to the redskins complete an unusual color scheme.

* * *

Harry Raymond Henry landscapes which were exhibited at the Royar gallery are now at the Aune Studio in Chester Place where they will remain through the month. Twenty-six canvases are to be seen.

Magazines of the Month

Poetry, the magazine which is revolutionizing the layman's version of value in verse, is interesting this month. Padraig Colum, the Irish poet now lecturing in this country contributes "Polonius and the Ballad Singers." It tells of strolling singers who chant to their patrons ballads as did the minstrels of old, and the locale is the modern Irish country district, alive with the traditions of the race. Rhapsodies on American subjects—"New York" and "The Old South"—are by John Gould Fletcher, recently returned from London. He employs "Polyphonic prose," a form of rhythmic prose with interwoven rhymes. New poets are Leyland Huckfield, who migrated to Canada from England in early boyhood, and Max Michelson, a Russian immigrant. Their verse has a pastoral tendency and shows refinement and appreciation of simply beautiful things. Six little boys and girls, aged six to twelve are featured under the heading "The Younger Bards." They contribute thoughts amazing and amusing. Alice Corbin Henderson's little daughter exhibits an "impostor" tendency and her free verse has rhythmic beauty which William Butler Yeats finds good. War poems, three in number are touchingly pathetic and better than many written by grown-ups. Herman Hagedorn, Mrs. Howard Shaw, Clark Ashton Smith, Rebecca Park Lawrence, Mrs. Eugene Garnett and Mrs. Madeline Wynne are also contributors.

John Lane Company has published the much discussed book by Dr. Sven Hedin on the war. The English edition has not been modified in any way, but there is a special introduction by the author and a "note" by Mr. John Lane. The title of the English edition is: "With the German Armies in the West." The volume exceeds 400 pages and contains more than 100 illustrations. It is a book that everyone should read in order to form an accurate idea of the organization and resources of the power against whom the allies are fighting.



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Plays and Players (Continued from page nine)

evolved for her has so thoroughly suited her moods, or evoked from her such supreme expression of her magnificent talents. The combination is a rare one, and fully justifies the international praise bestowed upon this actress and her vehicle. "War Brides" does not depict a particular land or people; it is universal. Wherever war is, its problems are present; unsolved and seemingly unsolvable. The frank statements of this playette are not a whit more bald than are the questionings of press, public and government and a fine vaudeville show will also be part of the program. Elizabeth Murray, the comedienne, recently here, returns for one week; Joe Cook, who gives an entire burlesque act himself, and Lorraine & Dudley in "The Way to a Man's Heart," are the other newcomers. Mercedes, with Mile. Stanton, in his mysterious musical number; Little Nap, the human monkey, a sensation in himself; Terada Brothers, and Cameron & Gaylord remain. The musical programme will be Russian, of course, in honor of Nazimova, and the Pathé twice a week news views will complete the extraordinary bill. The seat sale for Nazimova has been exceptionally heavy but good seats remain for all performances.

Bryan at the Mission Play

William Jennings Bryan, late secretary of state, was a visitor at the Mission Play Tuesday. Mayor Sebastian of Los Angeles accompanied him to the old pueblo, where John S. McGroarty gave the afternoon to the distinguished guest, explaining California history and escorting him through the old Mission, at whose altar men have worshipped since 1772. The Elks have made a gala week of it at the pageant drama. Not a single afternoon or evening of this week when fewer than 200 of the antlered herd were in attendance. Reservations have been made by many motorists from San Bernardino, Pomona, Redlands, Riverside, Santa Ana and Whittier for seats at performances which come in the next full moon.

Soul Stirring Drama at Miller's

Miller's popular photoplay theater presents a big feature program for the amusement of its patrons the week beginning Monday, July 19. Thomas Dickinson's soul-stirring drama "The Unbroken Road" which tells the vivid tale of the fall of Constance Turner, the heroine, and her subsequent redemption and successful battle against overwhelming circumstances with Mary Nash, one of David Belasco's most popular stars in the leading role is the feature. Miss Nash brings to the part all her vast experience gained upon the speaking stage as leading woman in "The Lure," "The City" and "The Woman." Her supporting company includes Alexander Cadem, William H. Tooker and other players of note. The added attractions are the latest of "The Goddess" series shown Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and the new and popular "Romances of Elaine" to be seen Thursday, Friday, Saturday and

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Sunday. The next Fox production, for the week beginning Monday, July 26, is Georges Ohnet's great American story "Dr. Rameau" played by Frederick Perry, the local favorite, Dorothy Bernard, Stuart Holmes, Jean Sothern, Edith Haller and George Alison.

Robert Warwick at Garrick

Character work of an unusual nature is portrayed by the popular actor Robert Warwick in "The Face in the Moonlight," which comes to the Garrick Theater tomorrow. Warwick essays the dual role of Victor, a young French officer, and of Rabat, a desperado; the characters in which Robert Mantell made a great hit on the speaking stage. In the play Victor and Rabat are half-brothers who have never met. The former is in love with a young girl who, when she arrives, sees the half-brother, who closely resembles Victor and commits a murder. Believing him to be her lover she flees from the scene. Victor is arrested for the crime and is about to be executed when Napoleon intervenes and saves his life. Warwick is supported by an excellent cast which adequately handles the subplots which create much of the interest. The latest installment of "The Diamond from the Sky" completes the bill.

Books

JOHN BURROUGHS nowhere shows his true nobility more than in his attitude of reverent wonder when face to face with nature. So easy is it for the beginners in science to believe that all the mysteries lie open and ashamed before them that scientists are commonly said to be lacking in reverence, in wonder, in faith. But such an accusation against science is not fair, for the greater men have always gone beyond the wisdom that knows, and reached that higher wisdom which admits the existence of unexplained mysteries. With the exact information John Burroughs combines an interpretative wisdom; he is oftener called sage than scientist. In his new book "The Breath of Life" he writes simply and wisely of many of life's miraculous forms, but throughout he is chiefly writing of the miracle of life itself. He explains his position in the preface by saying: "The mystery of the transformation of the ethereal, imponderable forces into the vital and the mental seems quite beyond the power of the mind to solve." And thereafter he speculates with prophetic insight, or indulges in fanciful dreams like those three sons of nature, Wadsworth and Thoreau. He feels that "something far more deeply interfused" which makes the wisest man a child lost in the mystery of an ineffably wonderful world. ("The Breath of Life." By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

"Jaffery"

After reading a novel by William J. Locke, one often has a feeling of regret—not regret that he has written another book, but that he has written too much and that the volume would be better were the last hundred pages absent. This regret is due to the fact that with all his skill at character portrayal, with all his brilliance in turning phrases, with all his ability as a stylist, with all the other features which have made the name of Locke one of the best loved in contemporary letters, he seldom has a story to tell but, instead, strings together a series of episodes into a book-length narrative. But by his latest creation, "Jaffery," this feeling of regret is not roused; here is a novel with a plot of absorbing interest, a story that holds the attention as it cannot possibly be done even by the matchless cleverness of style always to be found in his pages. Nor are that brilliance of diction and skill at character delineation sacrificed for the sake of the narrative; all Lockian virtues are there, combined with this new-found one of having a story to tell.

Jaffery, a mighty, primitive, man-beast falls desperately in love with the affianced bride of one of his best friends who has just published a novel that makes possible his marriage. But in his devotion to his friend, Adrian, Jaffery silences his love and acts as best man at the wedding. So successful has the novel been that the publishers are instantly demanding another, and this Adrian assumes to write. But the work does not progress; his friends wonder at his secretiveness, at his moroseness, at his complete change in character until, finally, they receive summons to his flat where they discover his dead body. And then comes the revelation that Adrian was not the author of the suc-

cessful novel at all but had stolen it from a dead member of their college brotherhood.

Swearing the other trustee of the dead man's property to eternal secrecy, Jaffery bears off the fragments of Adrian's pitiful attempts at creating a novel of his own, and sets about writing a book which will satisfy the woman he loves as to the true greatness of the husband she worshiped as a genius. Of course, the deception comes out in the end, and the widow, who owes so much to Jaffery offers to marry him as a reward for his devotion. Love him she does not, rather hates him for the deep debt of gratitude she owes him; while Jaffery, suddenly appreciating that his love for this girl was not love at all but worship and dog-like devotion, refuses her proffered hand.

"Jaffery" is written with all of Locke's accustomed finesse and skill; the character of Jaffery itself is of the type he loves to paint; there is one of those glorious, physically perfect, primitive women so frequent in his novels; there is a revival of Simon in the teller of the story; there are pages of writing as fine as any Mr. Locke has ever done. In the dedication to his wife, the author says of the book, "it must go out to the world as an expression of the moods and fancies of a past incarnation." Must the war change the spirit of this author, too, as it has that of so many of his countrymen? It is to be hoped that this is not the last of the smiling, semi-satiric products of Mr. Locke's pen and that he will not become propagandist of any particular creed but will continue to teach the whole world how to live and look upon life. ("Jaffery" by William J. Locke. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

"Spell of Southern Shores"

Authors of the type to which Caroline Atwater Mason belongs seem to regard Europe simply as a vast museum and store-house of antiques, a place where, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, someone did something at some spot: they close out the present and see only what has been. It is thus in her last volume, "The Spell of Southern Shores," the great Now is represented to Mrs. Mason by a love affair, a funeral (not connected with the love affair), a meeting between the Kaiser and the King of Italy, and a brief discussion of "Italia irredenta." So engrossed in contemplation of the past is this author that we are not allowed to appreciate the fact that history is still in the making, that Italy has enjoyed a tremendous commercial, economic and educational renaissance in the last few decades. It would be advisable for the author to read a little of Mark Twain as antidote for too much Ruskin and Sismondi. Yet, as Prof. Lewisohn has justly said, "It is not the critic's business to quarrel with an artist's chosen methods, only with the artist's disloyalty to them." So, since oblivion to the present is Mrs. Mason's chosen method, omission of the present should not condemn the work.

The author is steeped in the Europe of legend and early days, yet we wonder how truly that past is appreciated by one who can write, "Had it ever a soul, this Greek civilization whose beauty and glory and power were so far beyond our own, and which yet seems lacking in the finer and tenderer virtues?" Forsooth, we hesi-

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tate to trust our interpretation of the past to one who cannot discern the soul in the Hellenic civilization! Mrs. Mason treats in this volume of Genoa, Viterbo, Sicily, Capri and in lesser degree of Rome, Venice, Ravenna and many other places. History, put up in fairly palatable form, occupies a large share of the space, art is treated in a fairly satisfactory manner, scenery is described with a delicacy of touch and fidelity which is most pleasing. Compared with the beautiful pictures which embellish Mr. Murphy's new book on California, the illustrating is a distinct failure. ("The Spell of Southern Shores." By Caroline Atwater Mason. L. C. Page Co. Bullock's.)

"Pieces of the Game"

Beginning a novel with the marriage of a young French diplomat to a beautiful Virginia girl and ending it with their suicide in Washington might seem to offer sufficient plot for an absorbing story, but it is slender use the Countess de Chambrun makes of her possibilities in "Pieces of the Game." A female villain and a jealous girl wife, not international intrigue as the reader might suppose from the title, furnish the reason for the bloody climax of a story, for the writing of which there apparently was little use other than the author's inclination to be busy. Countess de Chambrun is favorably known for her volume on "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare" and it would seem that in critical rather than creative work her talents find their best expression. In a note of introduction the author states that all proceeds of the novel, which was sent to the publishers just before the great war broke out, will be "devoted to the alleviation of a portion of that homeless misery of which we have seen so much." ("Pieces of the Game." By Countess de Chambrun. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

"Six Weeks at the War"

When the war broke out last August, the Duchess of Sutherland, herself the daughter of a Scottish peer, left England to join the branch of the French Red Cross called "Secours Aux Blessés." For six weeks, until she crossed with a sigh of relief into the peaceful neutral territory of Holland, she had many perilous experiences, and saw at Namur and elsewhere the horrors of war. Her recollections of the help she received from the American minister at Brussels are pleasant reading. She had returned to the Belgian capital from the French frontier, hoping to secure a passage to England, as her ambulance work was broken up. But all kinds of obstacles were thrown in her path, and she feared that she might be landed in Aachen. "I now felt that at all costs I must see the American minister himself. I managed to get a note through to him. He most kindly came, but at my door the sentries refused to let him in. He told me afterward that he went to the Kommandantur and 'raised ——'."

The result was very successful. An officer came round to him, cursed the sentries—as if it were their fault—and they were removed. The American minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, is a

very agreeable man. He had been appointed by President Wilson as minister to Brussels for a rest cure! He has been for some years conducting a semi-Socialist campaign against crime on his own lines, and with success, I was told, as mayor of Toledo, U. S. A., and has written several books. Unfortunately for him destiny had checkmated his rest cure, but I am quite sure that this man of peace was in a great many ways checkmating the Germans. I owe him gratitude, not only for the pleasure of his acquaintance, but for his efforts on behalf of my ambulance." In a few hours she was told that she "might take the next train to Holland. So much for the American influence."

The Duchess has a remarkably sane and weighty introduction. She admits that she received civility from the Germans, as did her nurses and the doctor; and her acquaintance with their language stood her in good stead. To her the present war "is a ghastly psychological study. For long, Prussia's rulers have prepared a machine which is scientifically so remarkable, and in detail so formidable that the varying component parts of the German army, which is now practically the German nation, have been forced into a blind belief in it. In this war Germany is trusting the Prussian machine without protest and becoming entangled in its actions and reactions. Yet by every law of progress, by every law of race emancipation, the German nation, through this belief, is deliberately destroying itself." The little book is so full of significant incidents, charmingly told, that it more than repays a reading. ("Six Weeks at the War." By Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

"Spray on the Windows"

Love triumphant is the theme of "Spray on the Windows." A novel by the author of "Gay Morning" is sure of readers in advance for J. E. Buckrose has already won many friends and this book has all of her distinctive touches. Ann, the heroine, typifies the high hope of youth, fearless and confident, sure of herself and her powers, but molded by married life into something finer and deeper. The story has for its background an obscure English watering place, Wodenscar—called Wonscar by the inhabitants. The pen pictures of these same inhabitants are among the best things of Wodenscar—supreme among them being Mrs. Walker of the gay bonnets. Ann was soon catalogued in her mind. "I know only two kinds of marrying girls, one wants a husband to take care of her, and the other wants to take care of her husband. You must excuse me saying you belong to the first lot." Ann has definite ideas as to her matrimonial future but they are emphatically upset by forces stronger than she. The book, while it is far from brilliancy or exciting incident, will fill an idle evening pleasantly, though Ann fails in some mysterious way to get the entire sympathy of the reader. ("Spray on the Windows." By J. E. Buckrose, George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Repertory Company's Good Work

While "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been given in this city with greater attention to the technique of acting, rarely, if ever, has Shakespeare's fascinating fairy comedy been presented with more zest, or a better appreciation of the whimsical humor that enters into the play than was displayed by the Civic Repertory Company—that admirable body of amateur players evolved by the unflagging genius of Miss Wilhelmine Wilkes—at Eagle Rock Park Amphitheater under the direction of Reginald Pole Friday and Saturday evenings of last week. From the diminutive Puck, essayed so capably by Ednamae Wilson to the excellent interpretation of Helena by Arri Rottman, the company was in fine fettle, letter perfect in the speaking parts, well trained in stage business and impregnated with the joyous spirit of the piece. The site of the stadium lends itself naturally to dramatic requirements, save that the stage is a trifle too low. Were this defect remedied by artificial means—a comparatively simple process—the amphitheater would be ideal for the purpose. Lighting effects were admirable, the lights on the sycamores and alder trees producing a most picturesque effect.

With so much general merit to be noted among the players, it were hard to be invidious. Ewing Trilby's Duke of Athens was a manly presentation, given with ease and distinction. The Lysander of Cecil Irish was in every way satisfactory; Mr. Irish has a most pleasing speaking voice, as also has Miss Rottman whose Helena was worthy of a professional. Good, too, was Helen Taggart's Hermia, a most sympathetic rendition. The Oberon of Ronald Woodward and the Titania of Mia Warren deserve high praise. In thorough sympathy with their respective roles were John D. Clerk as Egeus, Mirian Woodward as Hippolyta, and Charles Houck as Philostrate, while the fascinations of Lorraine Phillips, George Healey, Mary Samuels and James Bush, the Peachblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed fairies were indisputable, not forgetting the captivating little song by Jimmy Bush. In the unavoidable absence of John Vosburg Mr. Pole undertook the role of Demetrius at two days' notice and gave it adequate interpretation, as might have been expected. Of the capital work of the Pyramus and Thisbe players let it be said that better buffoonery without descending to farce comedy has been seldom seen. Particularly well done was the Quince of Max Pollock, a really masterly bit. Capital, also, was Mr. F. K. Emmons' Nick Bottom, presenting Pyramus. The "Wall" of Nicholas Kessler as Snout, Thisbe, by Henry Reinecke (Flute), Lion of Theodore Watrous (Snug), and Fred Geiger's Moonshine (Starveling, the Tailor) could hardly have been improved upon.

Quite as well done as the comedy was the incidental music. Mendelssohn's exquisite strains floated through the trees to the entranced auditors from the concealed orchestra with delightful effect, greatly enhancing the pleasure of the occasion. I sincerely hope that the little brown-skinned, barelegged youngsters serving as pixies and sprites and fairies did not catch cold; our California summer nights blow coolish zephyrs even in July. Certainly, felicitations are due the Civic Repertory Company and the management that was responsible for so enjoyable a production of a merry little comedy that for three hundred years has held the English stage.

S. T. C.

Last Wednesday Marcella Craft gave two programs at the San Diego exposition singing with the big open air organ, where Schumann-Heink

Plans of the Great Sangerfest

Four days of choral singing, July 29, 30, 31, and August 1, at the Shrine Auditorium, will bring together societies from all over the Pacific coast and representatives from Milwaukee, Chicago, Idaho, Texas, and the famous Arion Society of Seattle. Ernestine Schumann-Heink will be the chief soloist and the famous diva will be heard in quartets and groups of songs.

Shrine Auditorium will be decorated with flags and pennants to represent the old city halls of Germany as they appeared in the middle ages. Thursday evening, July 29, will open with a fanfare of troubadours in historic costume, bringing messages from the four corners of the universe, as in "Lohengrin." Wagner's Tannhauser overture will be played by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra; the Festival Song, written in eight parts, four male, four female voices and composed especially for this sangerbund by S. C. Hagen, are the musical features. The evening closed with a banquet at Turner Hall, when the various societies are to be seated at individual tables. It may be recalled that the local Turnverein Germania won the Kaiser William cup when competing in San Francisco five years ago. It was then, as now, under the direction of Henry Schoenfeld, the well known composer and director. Marcella Craft and George Hamlin, the tenor, will be the soloists for this opening concert. Friday afternoon, July 30, at 2:30, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Marcella Craft and Carl Schlegel, the well known metropolitan baritone, are to be the soloists. The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, under Adolph Tandler, will open the program with the festival overture by Lassen, followed by the festival choir and soloists. Friday evening Schumann-Heink and Hamlin will be soloists, this being the first concert of the combined bundles of 800 voices, the entire coast—northern, middle and southern combining. Several choruses will be given acappella under the direction of Siegfried Hagen, and Henry Schoenfeld, who visited in the northwest and middle California to go over the songs chosen for this program.

Singing contests for the Kaiser prize will take place at Trinity the afternoon of July 31. These contests will be for first, second and third class prizes; the first for clubs of thirty-five members; the second, for twenty-five or more; the third, sixteen and more. The evening of July 31 the second bundles concert will occur at Shrine Auditorium with notable soloists, while the morning of August 1 a great outdoor sacred concert will be given by the male singers. There will be a number of social events, planned for these organizations, excursions and picnics to Schutzen Park, where a competition will be held for the Franz Josef cup. Not one of these pleasure jaunts will permit interference with the program of rehearsals. Any member missing from three rehearsals is dismissed from the society and not permitted to return. These concerts will be the most notable ever held in Southern California, and should and will doubtless receive the hearty support and tribute of every music lover and patron of the best in music.

"American Literature," by Leon Kellner, Professor of English Literature, University of Czernowitz, Austria, is understood to be the first study of American literature from the continental standpoint. It does not pretend to be a complete literary history, but merely gives a fresh survey of some of our accepted literary

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(Continued from Page Eleven)

boat and plan a stay of a month or six weeks in San Francisco, having taken apartments there for the time. Mrs. Willcox has many friends in the northern city and in the interval of visiting the exposition she will be the recipient of many delightful affairs planned in her honor.

In honor of Miss Frances Wallace and her fiance, Mr. Dwight I. Holmes, whose engagement was announced recently, Mrs. Sherwood Kinney, Miss Florence Wilson and Miss Clara Wilson entertained Saturday last with a theater party and tea. Later that evening the members of Miss Wallace's bridal party, including Miss Florence Wilson, Miss Clara Wilson, Miss Dorothy Gill, Mr. Francis Davidson, Mr. Alfred McDowell and Mr. Leslie Lynch, with Mr. Dwight Holmes, the bridegroom-elect, were entertained at a supper party at the home of Mrs. E. E. Wallace in Alhambra. Following the supper the guests motored to the Midwick Country club where dancing was enjoyed.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro of San Francisco is enjoying a visit here with her mother and brother, Mrs. M. J. Newmark and Mr. Henry Newmark. Mrs. Sutro, who formerly was Miss Rose Newmark, has a host of friends in this city, and while a visitor here she will be the recipient of many delightful social affairs. Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Sutro.

One of the most enjoyable of the affairs recently given was the dinner party at the Los Angeles Country club at which Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cotton of 2817 Orchard avenue were hosts. Places were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. William W. Mines, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Bosbyshell, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Janss, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton and Mr. and Mrs. Cotton. At a nearby table Mr. and Mrs. Cotton's two small daughters, Victoria and Lucy, entertained several of their young friends. Their guests were Misses Patricia Mines, Margaret Fulton, Dorothy Fulton, Huston Bosbyshell, Louise Innes and Louise Janss.

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Stocks & Bonds

Within the last six months potash, one of the products of kelp, has risen in price from \$36 to \$170 a ton. What this advance means to commerce is more readily understood when the following facts are noted: The United States' daily need of potash is 6000 tons. Against this the country has available annually potash salts to the extent of \$150,000,000, used in the manufacture of explosives, matches, glass making, for cyaniding and chemical purposes. Because of the demands abroad and the lack of supply several glass-making firms of the middle west have shut down and a number of chemical concerns are on the verge of closing. In and about Los Angeles 26,000 tons of potash are produced every year, having a valuation of \$2,500,000. However, should present conditions continue for the next three years there will be no potash and we shall be put to many hardships, for without it the soil cannot be enriched. Of fertilizer potash is the chief ingredient thus reforming to its pristine state the much sown soil which with every crop loses on an average of twenty-five pounds of potash an acre. This loss is especially noted in the case of sown beet roots which are only productive to the extent of from twelve to fourteen bushels an acre in this country, whereas in Germany, in the same quality of soil, from thirty-two to thirty-five bushels an acre are produced, because of the high percentage of fertilizer used. This country needs 635,000,000 pounds of potash each year, valued at \$11,000,000, for fertilizing purposes.

Banks and Banking

Including \$1,790,000 gold received from Canada Saturday, \$122,854,000 has been taken abroad for New York since 1915 began. Sources have been: Canada, \$93,604,000; China, \$3,700,000; Japan, \$9,650,000; France, \$11,500,000; Holland, \$2,000,000; England, \$1,100,000; Argentina, \$1,000,000; Denmark, \$300,000.

According to the London Economist the British war debt was first created in 1689 in the war against Louis XIV. of France and amounted to 21,515,000 pounds in English money. At the close of the Boer war it was 796,000,000 pounds. March 31, 1915, the debt was 1,165,802,000 pounds. Now it is almost twice that amount. Lloyd George estimates that the British public will be taxed 90,000,000 pounds this year to pay the interest charge alone. This is something like \$450,000,000. The interest on the debt of this country is about \$22,000,000 a year. Uncle Sam is fairly comfortably off by comparison.

Bumper Crops To Feed All Europe

With brilliant crop prospects, the government's estimates indicating a production of corn 116,000,000 bushels greater than the five-year average and 142,000,000 bushels greater than was raised last year, a wheat crop 72,000,000 bushels greater than last year and 277,000,000 bushels greater than the five-year average and a record oat crop, there is ample reassurance that this country will be further fortified in a financial way against the disturbing effects of the economic readjustment that is now beginning to manifest itself in consequence of the Euro-

pian war. The United States is well prepared to continue not only to help feed Europe and supply many of her needs in the way of munitions of war, but to absorb a large volume of investments in American securities held by foreign investors.

Financial Situation in Europe

Of the financial situation in Europe James S. H. Umsted is quoted as saying: "It has been shown that the note issues of the four great European banks have expanded nearly 123 per cent. in the first nine months of the war, while their gold holdings increased only 19 per cent.; that the absolute percentage of gold to paper has been nearly cut in half; that all the probabilities point to a doubling of the amount of note emissions and that war loans and the vast credits that will be required in rebuilding Europe's material structure are almost incalculable.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

University Club Holding Company. Location of principal place of business, Los Angeles, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the University Club Holding Company, a corporation, held on the 3d day of June, 1915, an assessment of One Dollar per share, being ten percent, was levied on the issued capital stock of the said corporation, payable on or before Thursday, the 8th day of July, 1915, to Fielding J. Stilson, Secretary of the corporation, at No. 314 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday, the 10th day of July, 1915, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payed

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GILLESPIE'S BOOK STORE, 233 So. Spring St.
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S. SMITH, 434 So. Hill St.
INDEPENDENT WAGON, Mercantile & Bdway (West side of St.)
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Bdway (East side of St.)
KODAK STORE, Mercantile Place.
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MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Spring.
ALEXANDRIA HOTEL LOBBY, 5th & Spring.
PACIFIC ELECTRIC BLDG., Main Waiting Room.
INDEPENDENT WAGON, Seventh & Spring.
FOWLER BROS., 747 So. Broadway.
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ment is made before will be sold on Tuesday, the 27th day of July, 1915, at 3 p. m. of said day, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

By FIELDING J. STILSON.
Secretary University Club Holding Company, 314 H. W. Hellman Building, Northeast Corner Fourth and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29636

In the Matter of the Estate of Sarah J. Tripp, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Charles E. Richards, executor of the will of Sarah J. Tripp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claim against the said deceased or said estate, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the office of Gray, Barker & Bowen, attorneys, Suite 1029 Title Insurance Building, Northeast corner of Fifth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated this 17th day of July, 1915 (being the date of the first publication hereof).

CHARLES E. RICHARDS,
Executor of the will of Sarah J. Tripp,
Deceased.

Gray, Barker & Bowen, Attorneys for
said executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29620

In the Matter of the Estate of Norris M. Van Brunt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Carrie M. Van Brunt, executrix of the last will and testament of Norris M. Van Brunt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased or said estate, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix at the office of GRAY, BARKER & BOWEN, attorneys, Suite 1029 Title Insurance Building, northeast corner of Fifth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated this 10th day of July 1915 (being the date of the first publication hereof).

CARRIE M. VAN BRUNT,
Executrix of the last will and
testament of Norris M. Van
Brunt, Deceased.

GRAY, BARKER & BOWEN,
Attorneys for said executrix.

NOTICE OF CONTEST

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office, Los Angeles,

June 28, 1915.

To Warren A. Walker of New Bury Park, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that George E. Scott, who gives Cornell, Cal., as his post-office address, did on June 1st, 1915, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry No., Serial No. 021168, made Dec. 9th, 1913, for Lot 4, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 1, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that

land since date of entry and has never cleared any land or made any improvements of any sort.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be canceled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.
Date of first publication, July 3, second, July 10, third, July 17, fourth,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
May 28, 1915.

Non-Coal 025623

Notice is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, whose post-office address is Palms, California, did on the 22nd day of January, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025623, to purchase the Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Section 19, Township 1 South, Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$361.20, the stone estimated at \$216.72 and the land \$144.48; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 12th day of August, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
June 15, 1915.

025825

Notice is hereby given that Ann M. Hunter, whose post-office address is 410 W. 52nd Place, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of February, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025825, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of August, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 2:00 p. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

LUNCH IN YOSEMITE

Dinner in
Los Angeles the
Night Before

Leave Los Angeles	7:30 P.M.
Arrive Merced	6:50 A.M.
Leave Merced	8:00 A.M.
Arrive El Portal	11:35 A.M.
Arrive Sentinel Hotel	2:00 P.M.

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